



WACKY RACES

15c

HANNA-BARBERA

Wacky Races

THE WEIRDO WORLD OF WHEELS



THE
SAN DIEGO
GO-GO

THE SCAVENGER SCRAMBLE

THE WACKY RACERS ARE OFF IN A CLOUD OF CLOUDS, WITH A CLASH OF GEARS, A BLAST OF EXHAUST PIPES, AND AN ACRE OF SCREAMING TIRES...

WOW! THEY SAY A BIG PURSE IS AT STAKE!

I COULD SURE USE THE MONEY!

CHUG-CHUG! BLAT!

R-R-R-R!

RUM-
RUM!

ZOW!

BUT WHAT KIND OF RACE IS THIS? EACH REVVED-UP, ROCKETING BUNDLE OF BOLTS IS CAREENING IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION!

I, PENELOPE PITSTOP, WILL TELL YOU WHAT KIND OF RACE IT IS...

...AS SOON AS YOU MAKE THIS TURN...



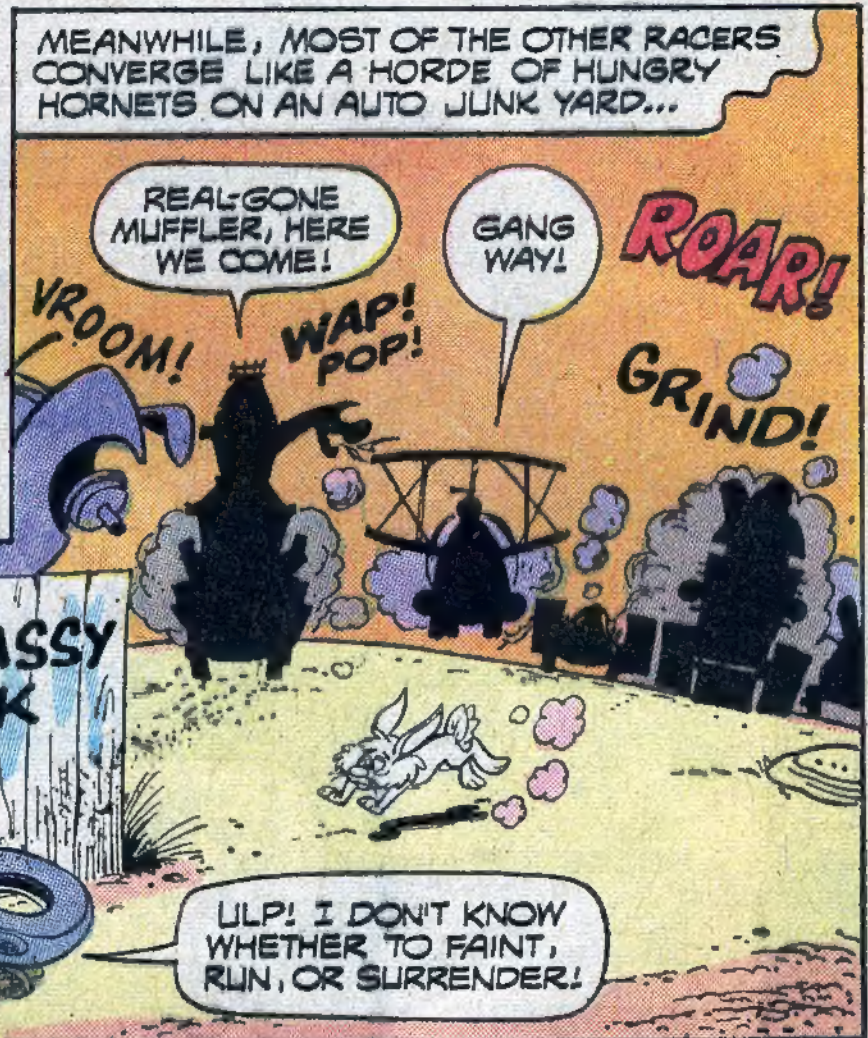
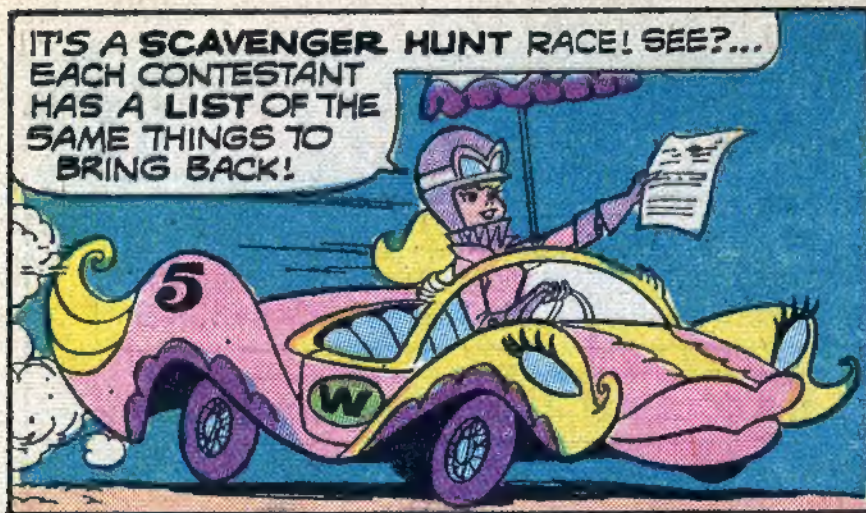
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WACKY RACES #7-721

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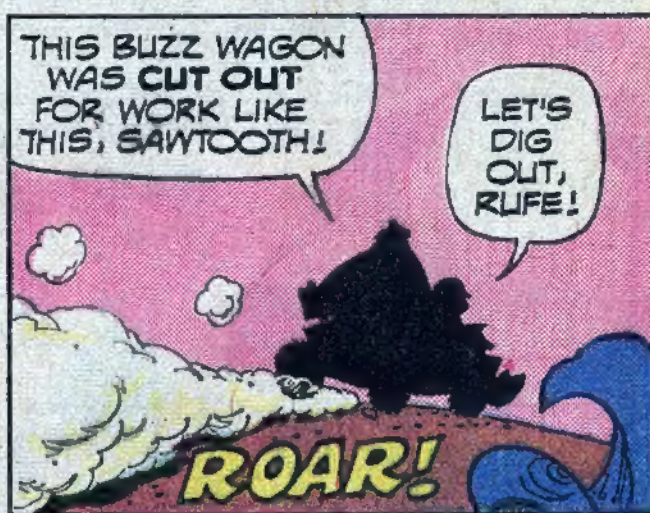


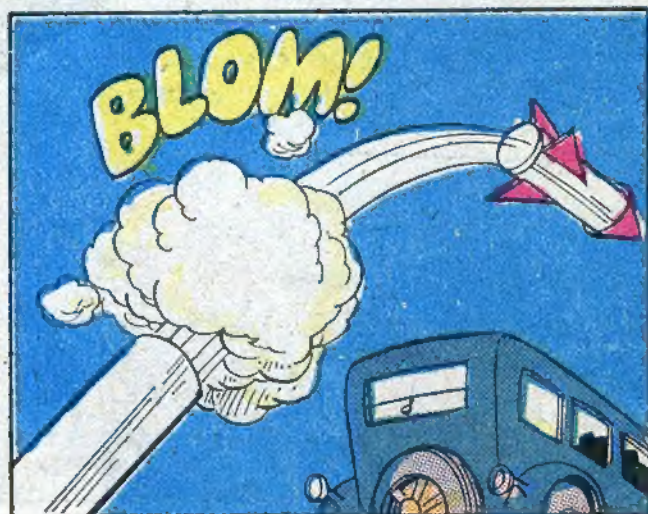
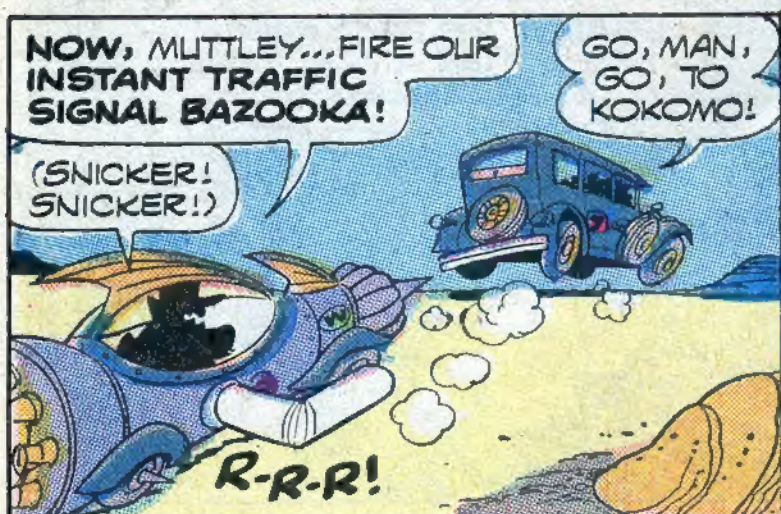
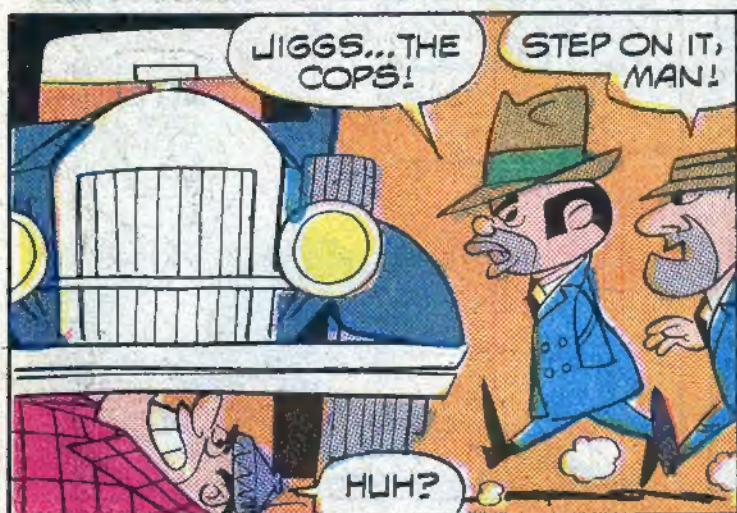
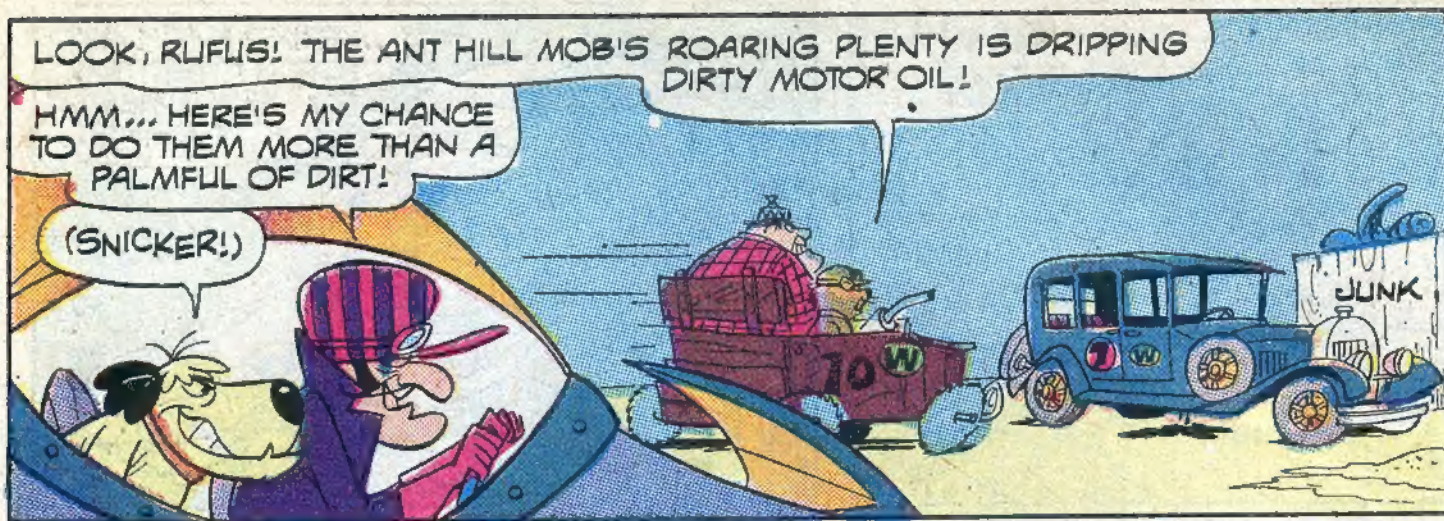
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BUT THE BUZZ WAGON, WITH RUFUS AT THE CONTROLS, IS CUTTING HIMSELF A GENUINE MUFFLER AT THE JUNK YARD!





THE INSTANT TRAFFIC SIGNAL DOES ITS STUFF!

WHATEVER ELSE WE HAVE DONE WE DON'T WANT TO RUN A RED LIGHT!

ESPECIALLY MY NEVER-CHANGING RED LIGHT!

HEH! HEH!
(SNICKER!)

DING!

STOP

CHUNK!

SCREEECH!

NOW TO WORK MY WAY UNDER THEIR CAR! AS SOON AS I GET A DRIP I'LL TUG THE ROPE AND THEN YOU WIND ME IN, MUTTLEY!

LONG LIGHT!

YAWN!

(SNICKER!)

DICK DASTARDLY GETS THE FIRST DRIP OF DIRTY MOTOR OIL IN HIS EVIL EYE!

OH, DRAT!

BUT THE NEXT DRIP IS RIGHT ON HIS RIGHT PALM!

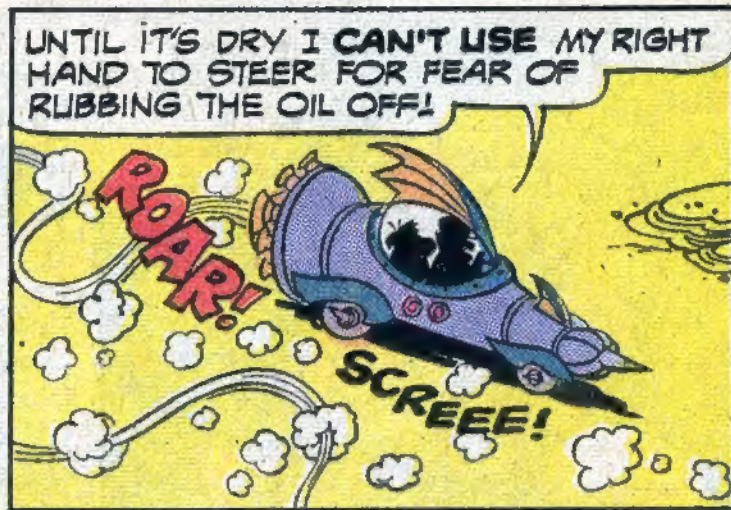
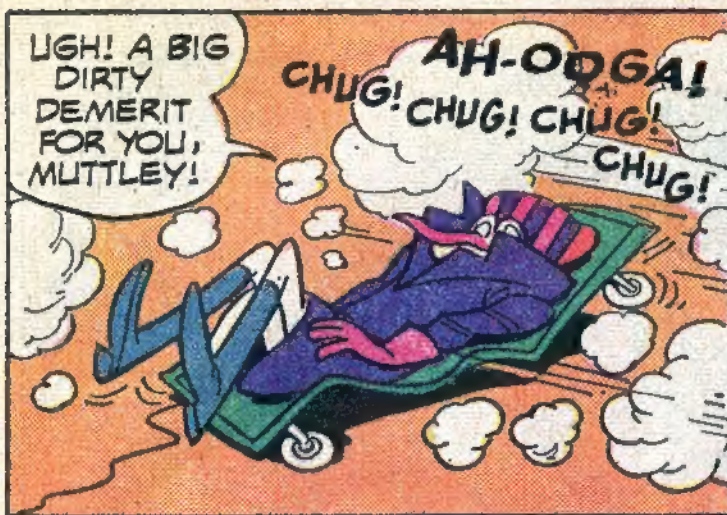
AHA! LET'S GO, MUTTLEY... GO!

SOMEBODY YELLED GO!

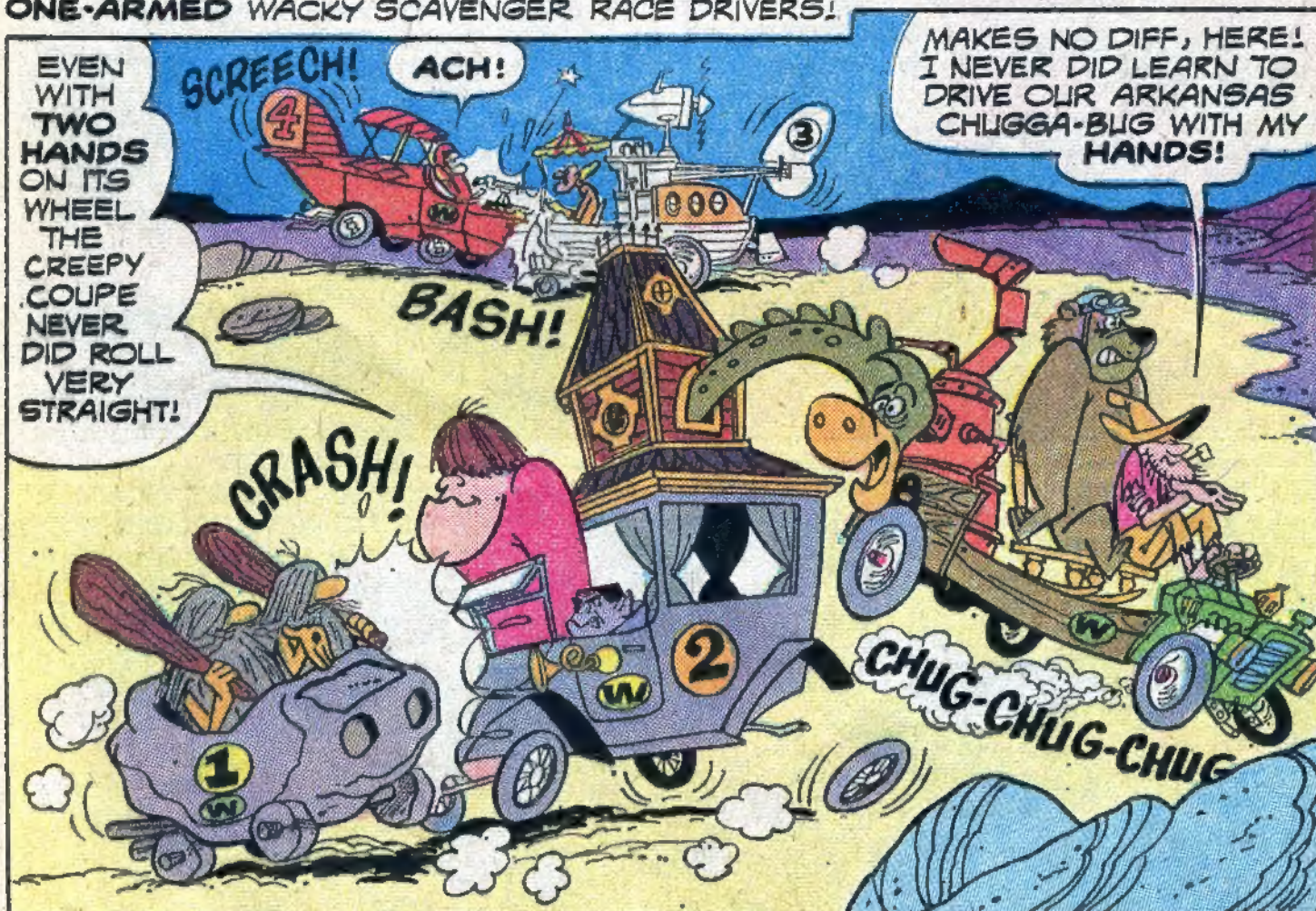
C'MON, MUTTLEY... LET'S GO-GO-GO!

DUH-H...TUG IS THE SIGNAL!

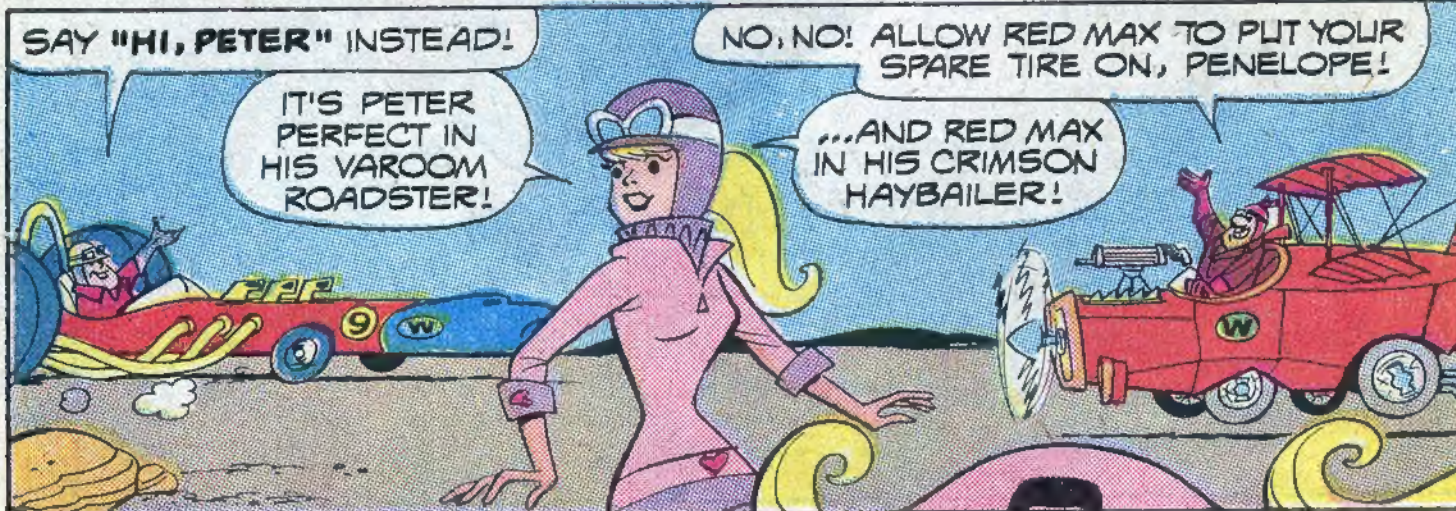
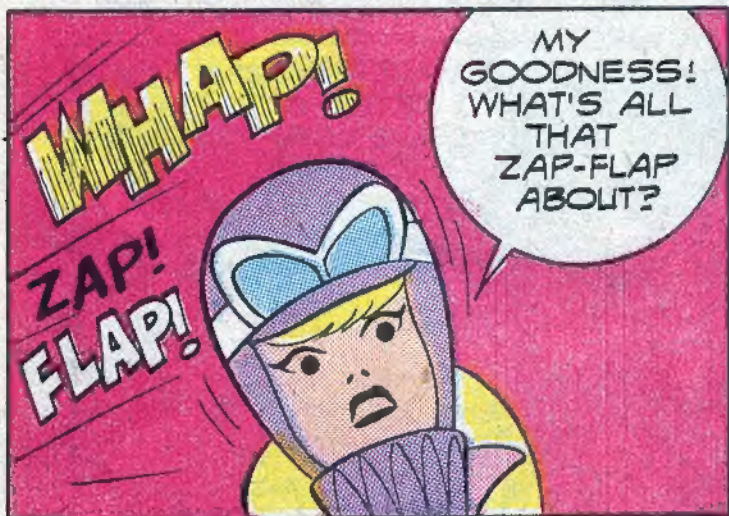
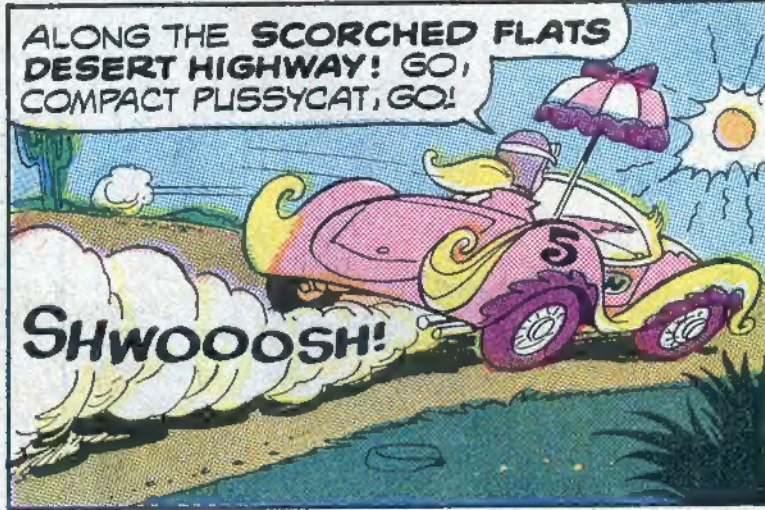
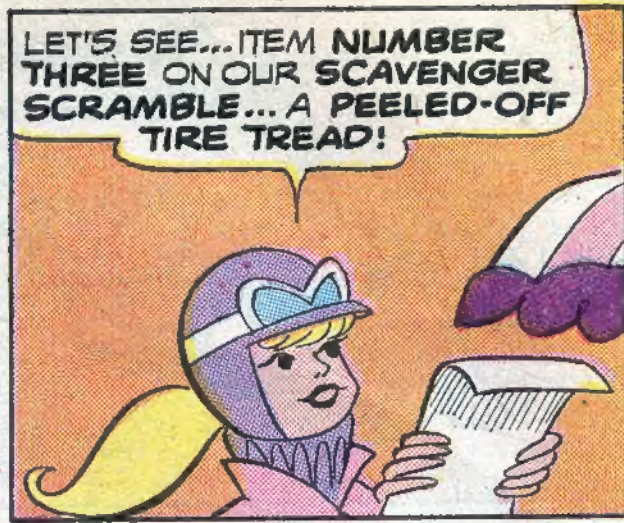
I HEARD IT, TOO...THIS SIGNAL MUST BE BROKEN, BOSS!

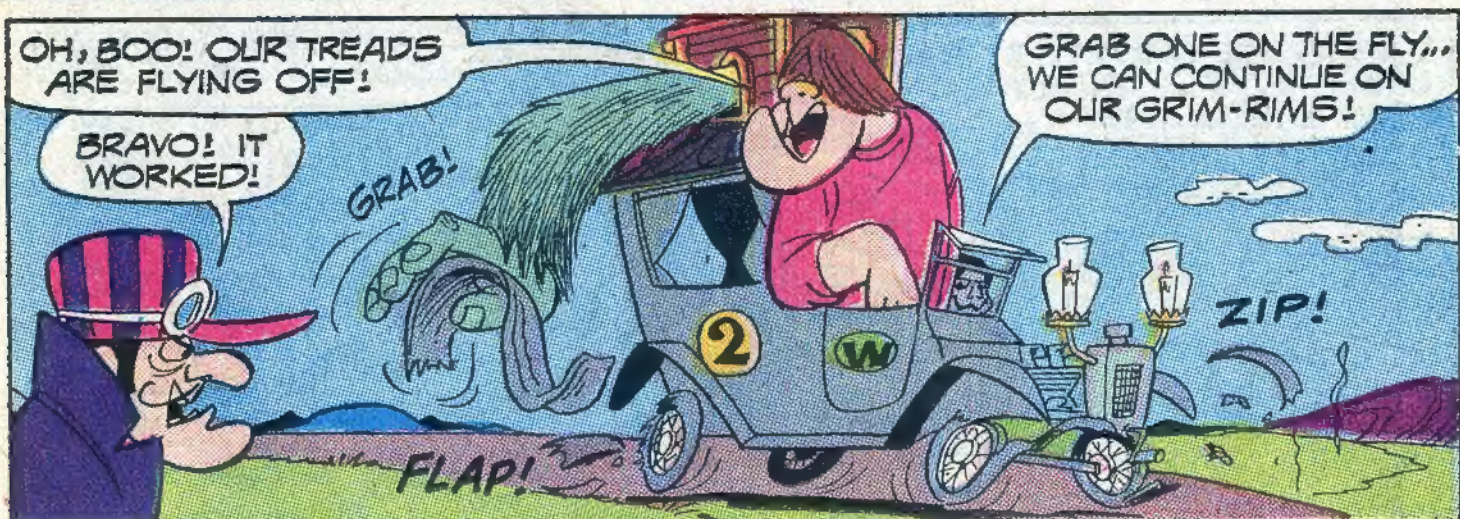
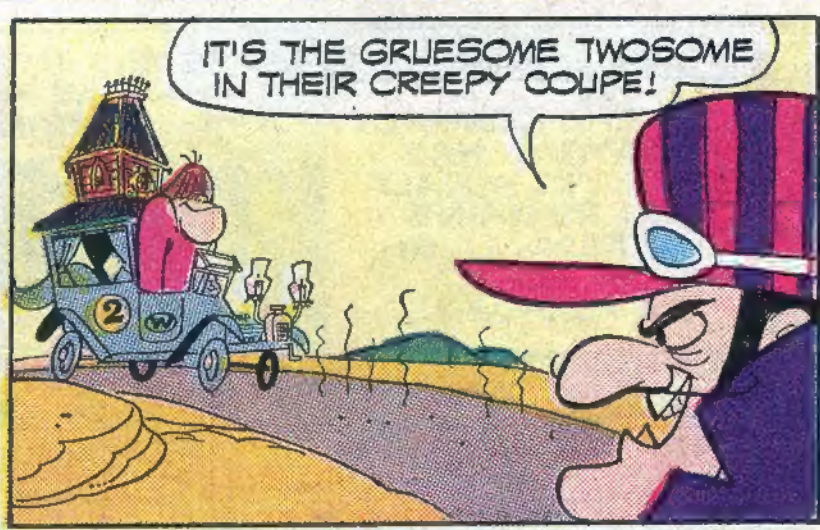
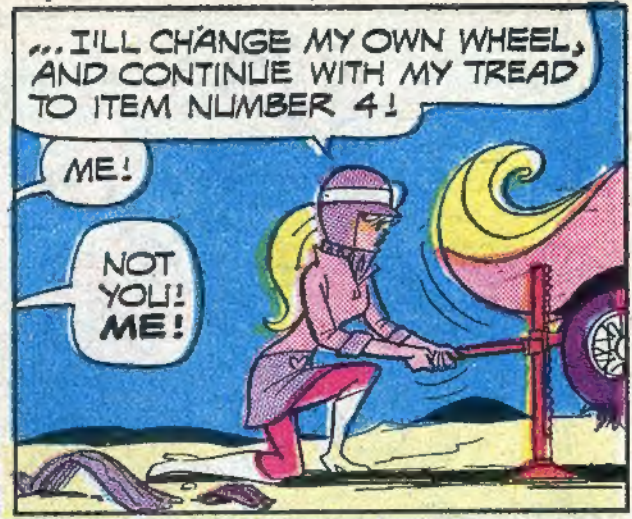
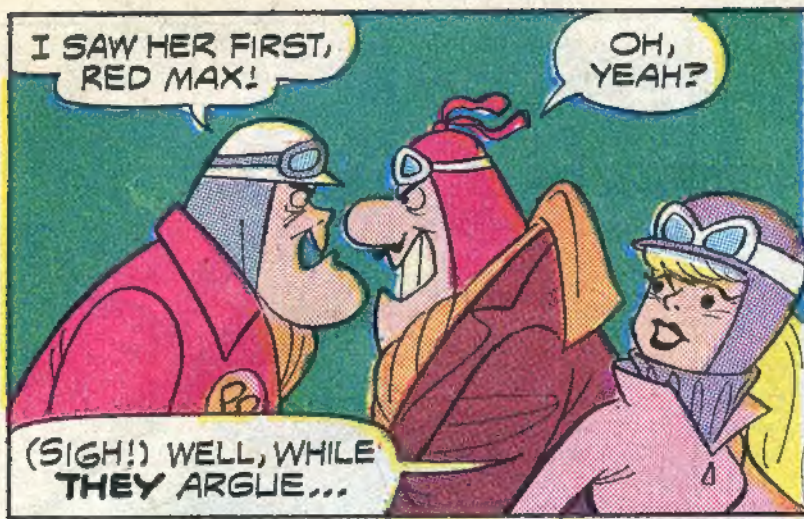


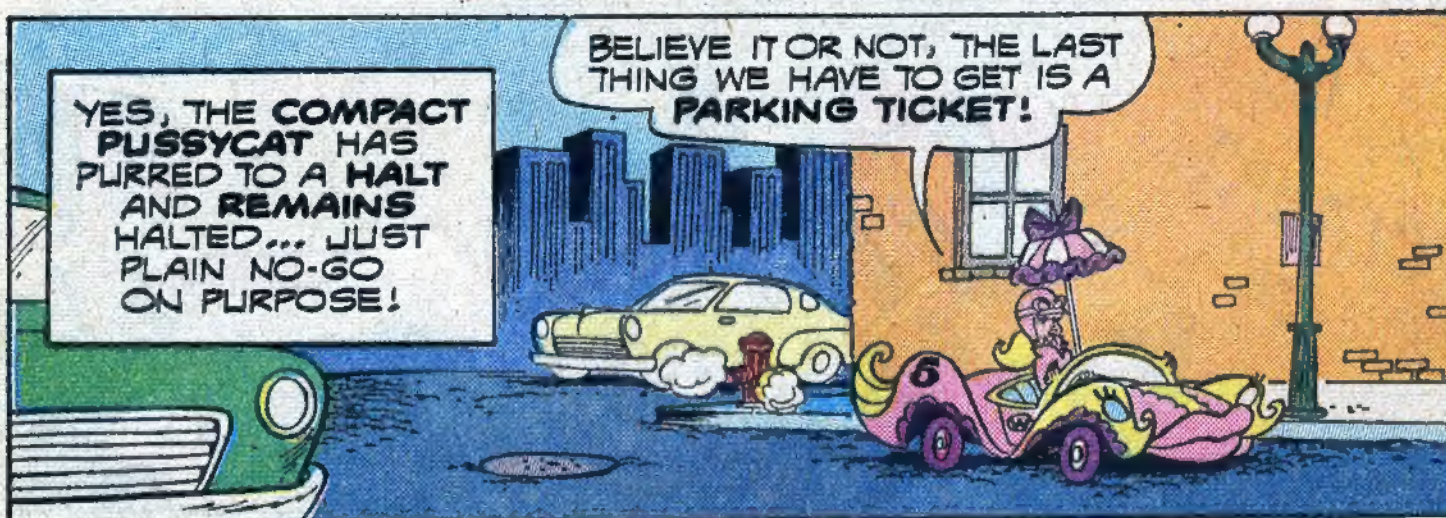
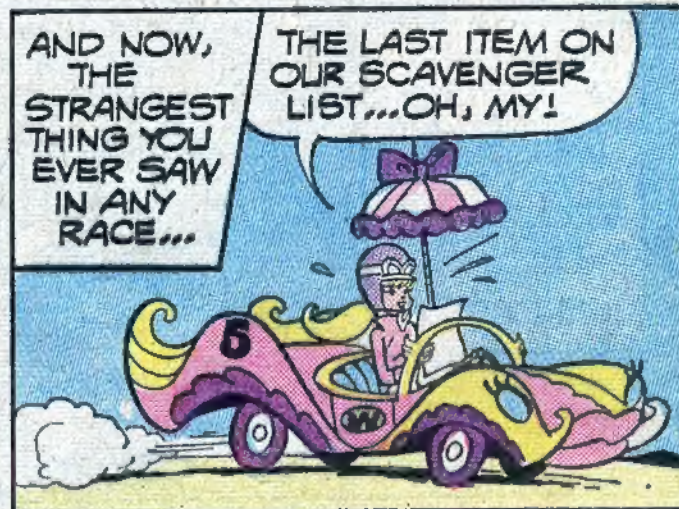
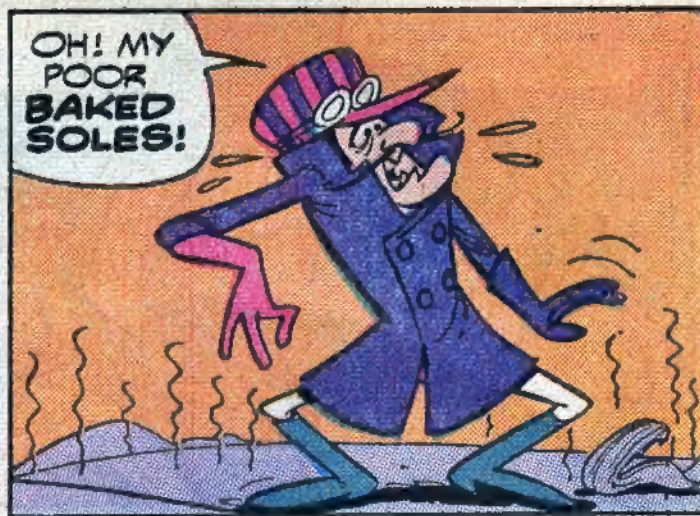
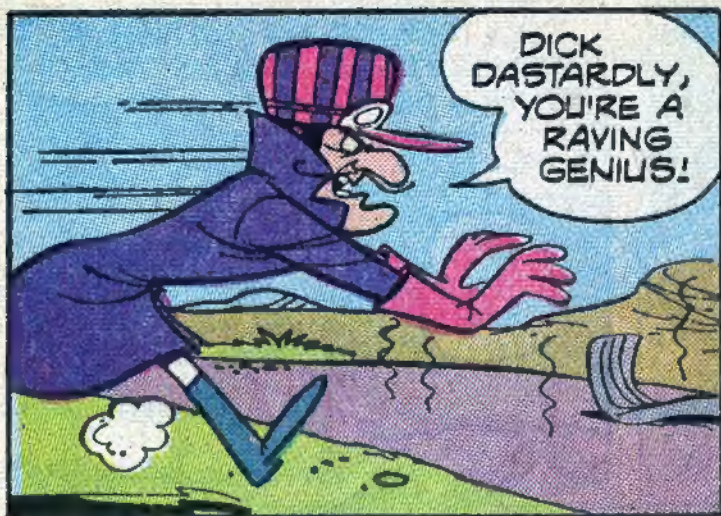
AND SO, THE LANDSCAPE IS SOON TERRORIZED WITH A WHOLE BUNCH OF ONE-ARMED WACKY SCAVENGER RACE DRIVERS!

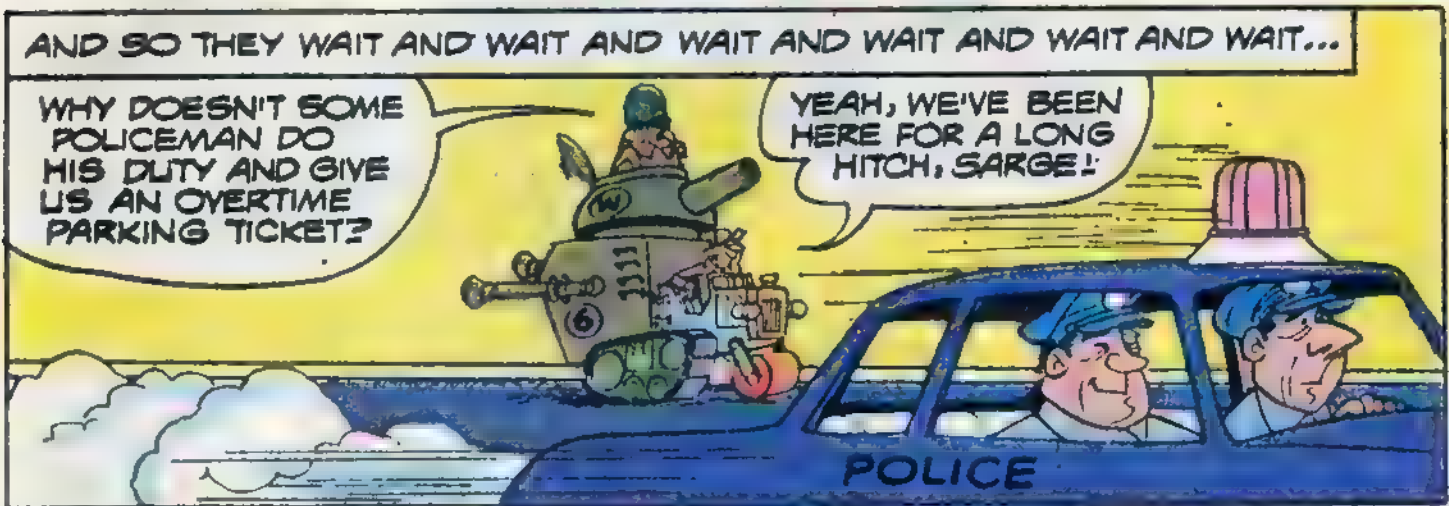
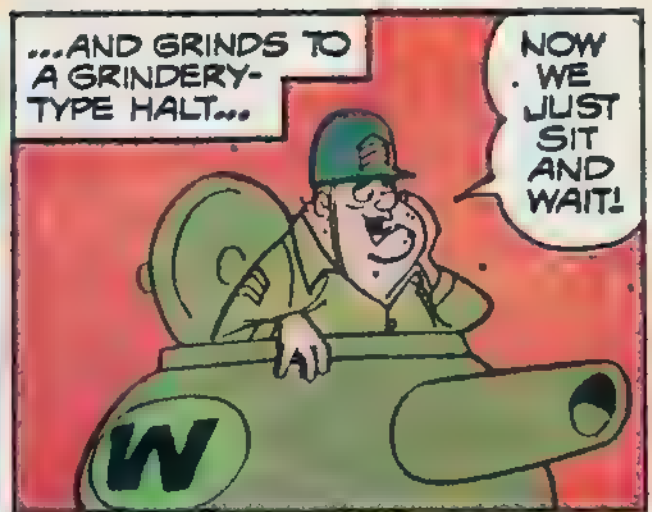
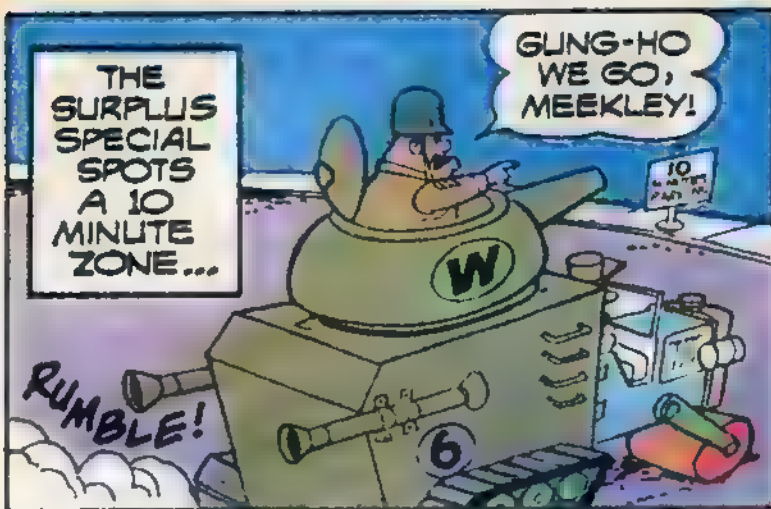


ONLY PENELOPE PITSTOP CONTINUES TO DRIVE SANELY... IF YOU EVER COULD CALL HER STYLE OF DRIVING SANE...





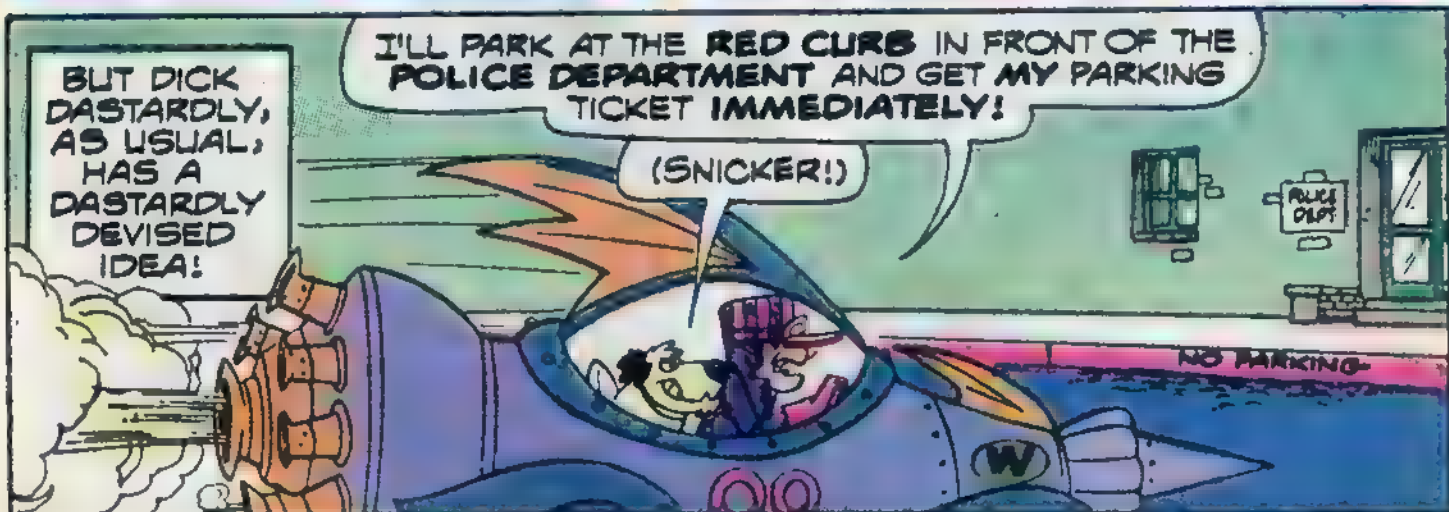
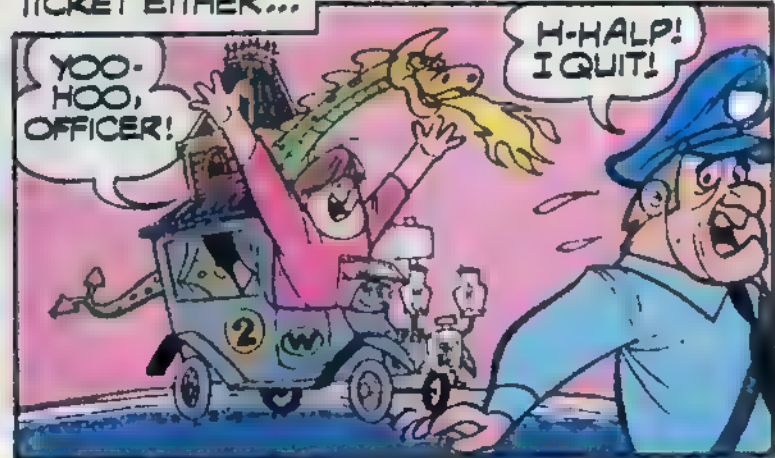


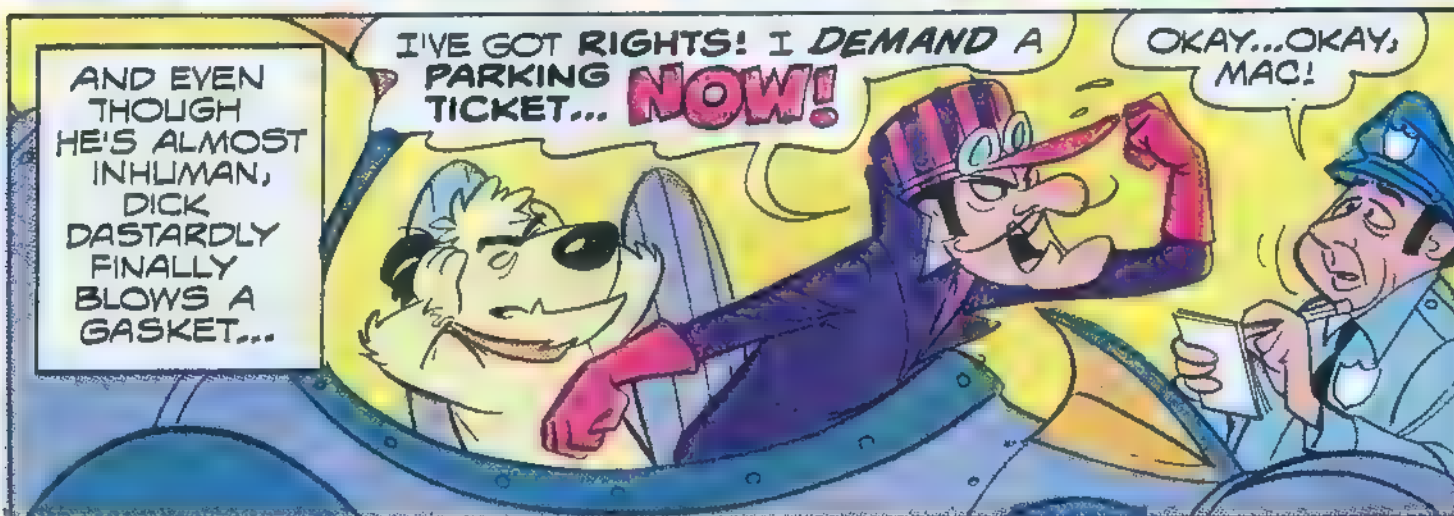
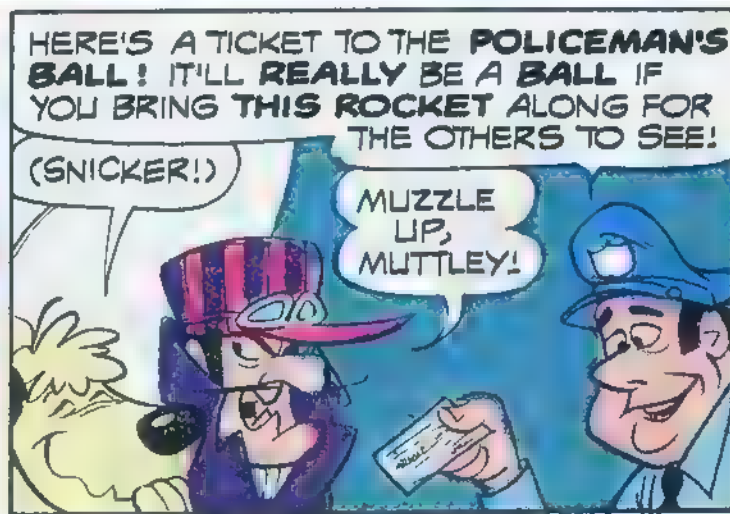
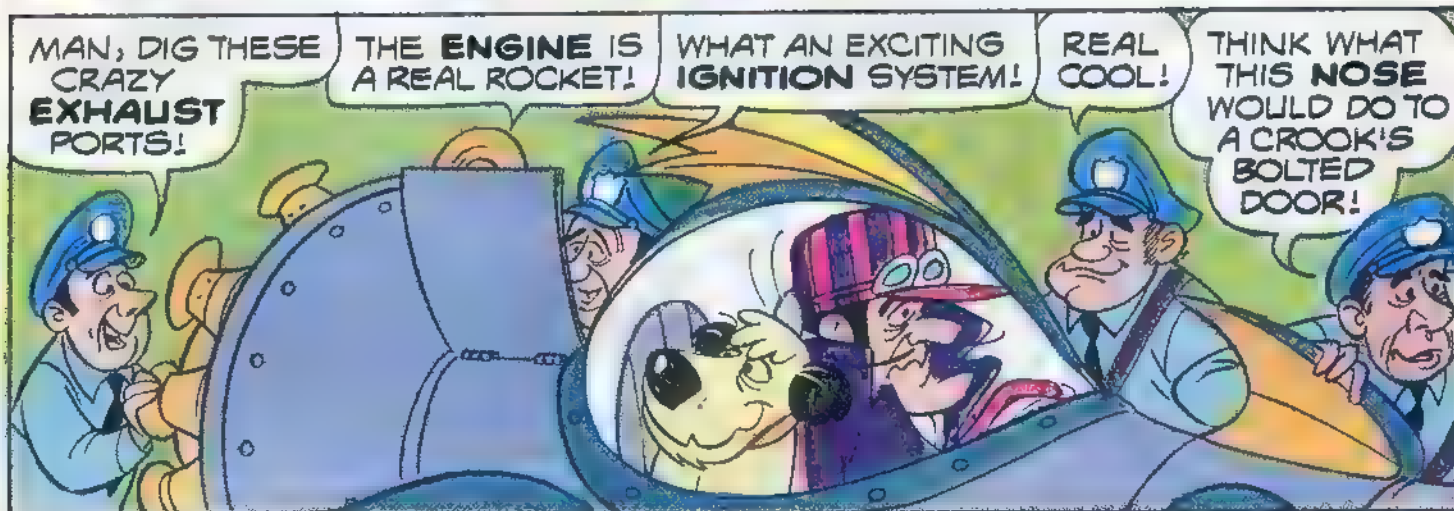
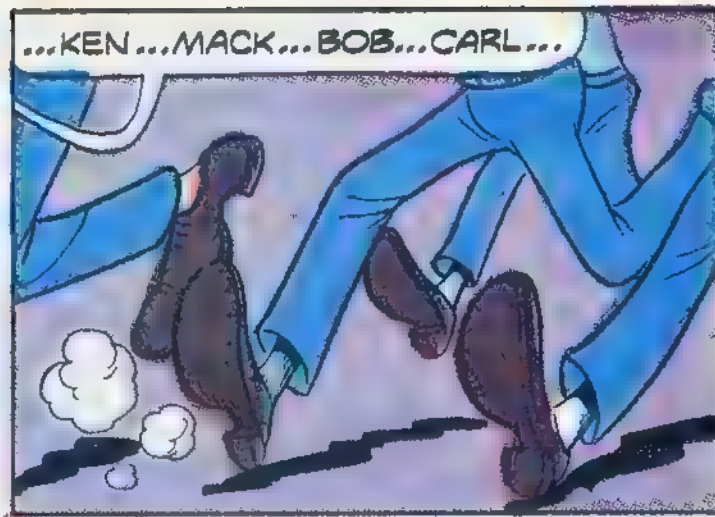
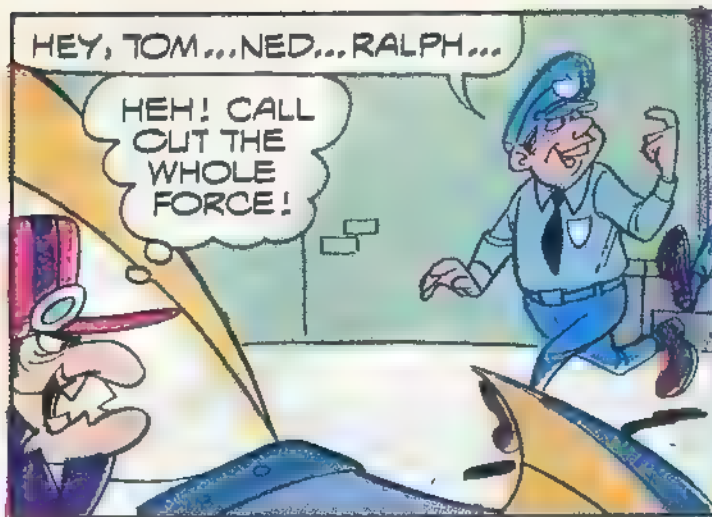


BUT WHEN YOU PARK ON TOP OF THE PARKING SIGN... WHO KNOWS IT?

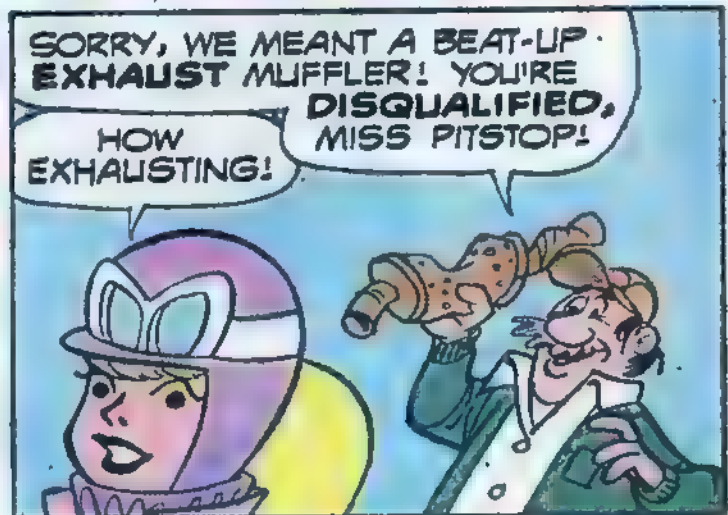
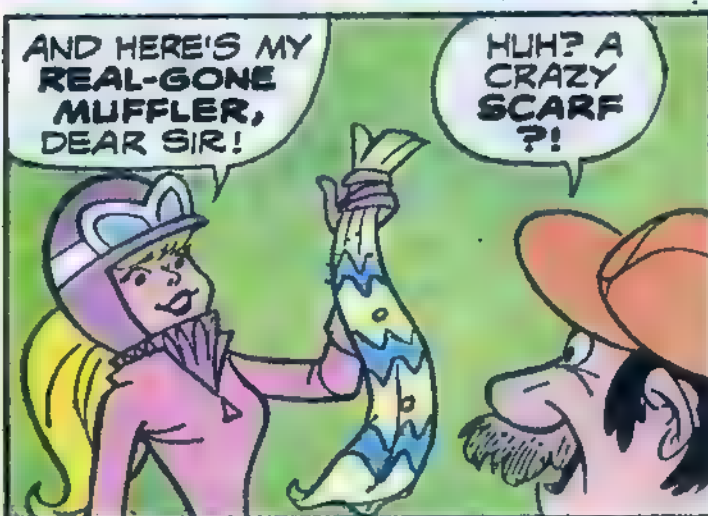
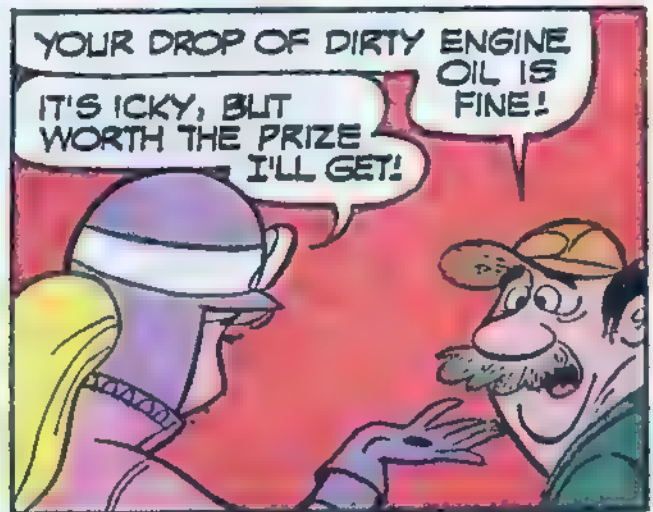
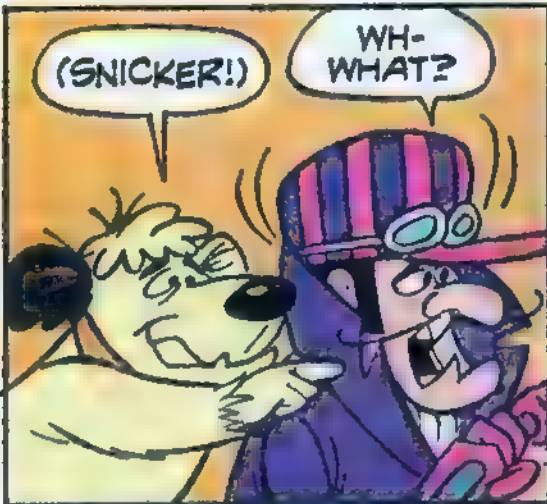
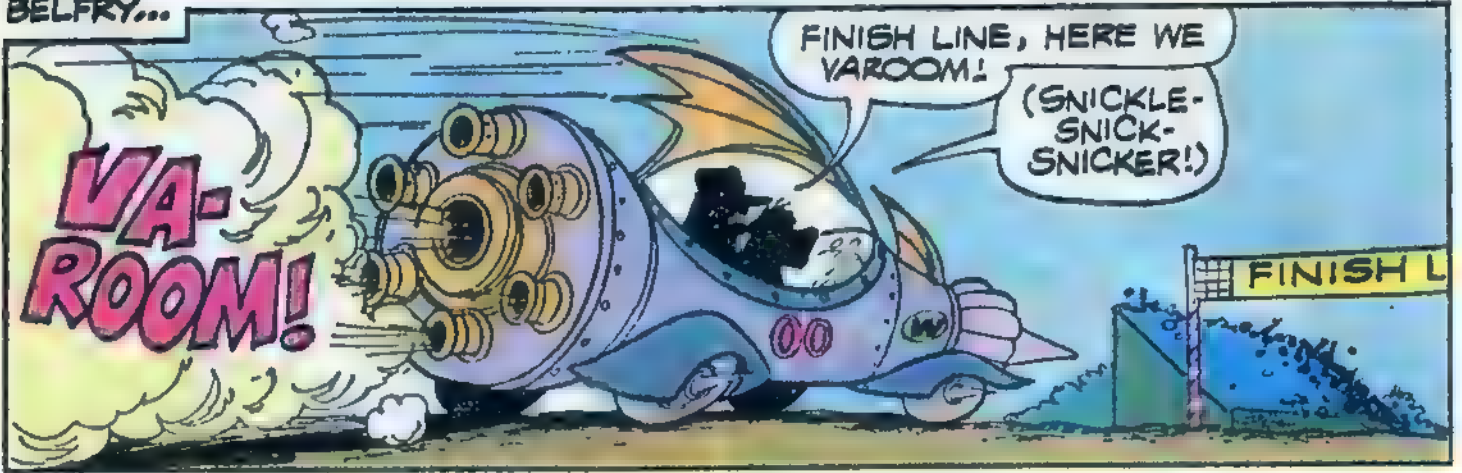


THE CREEPY COUPE CAN'T GET A PARKING TICKET EITHER...





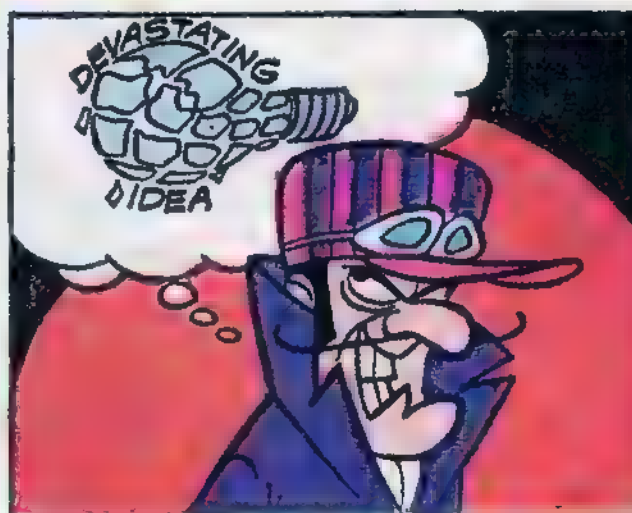
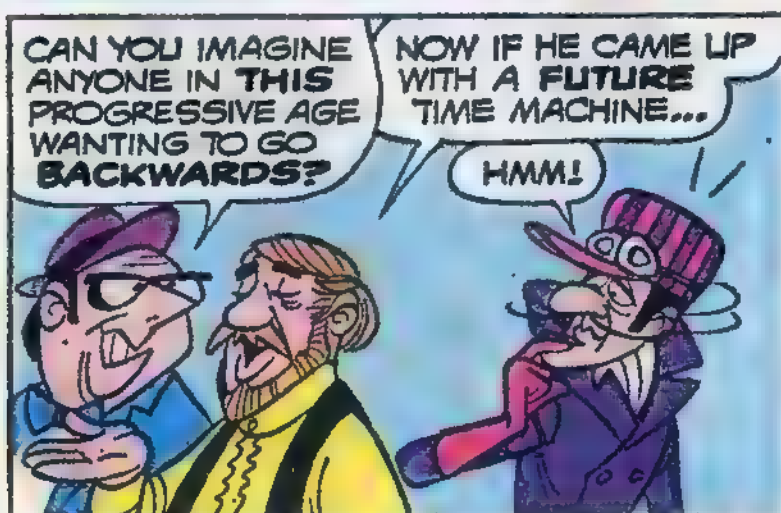
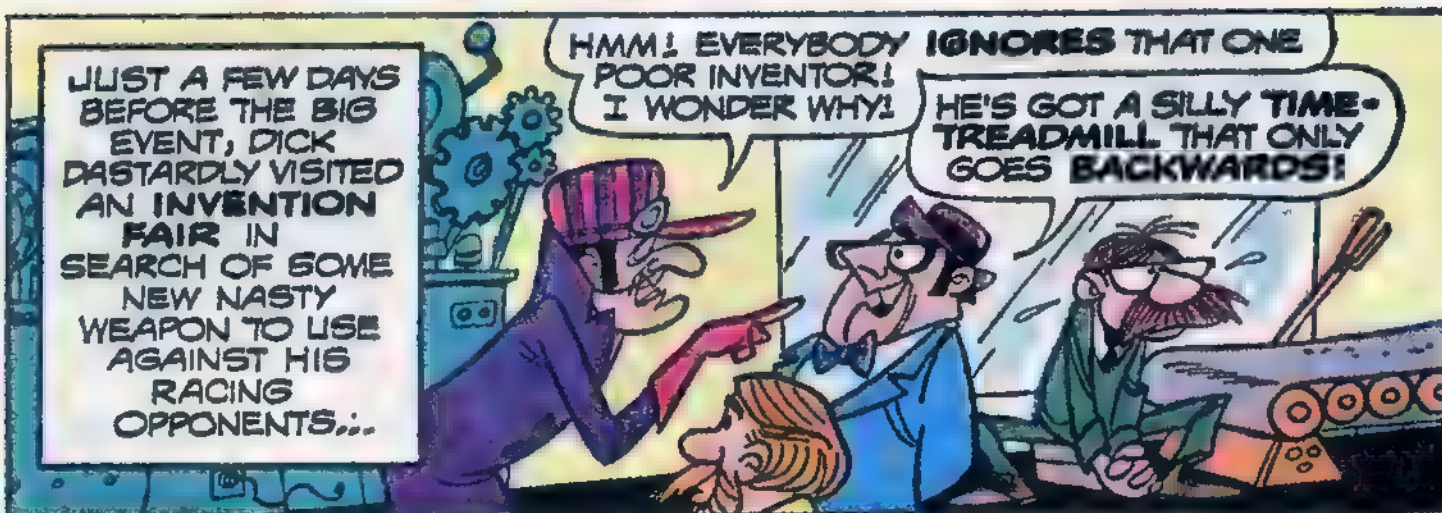
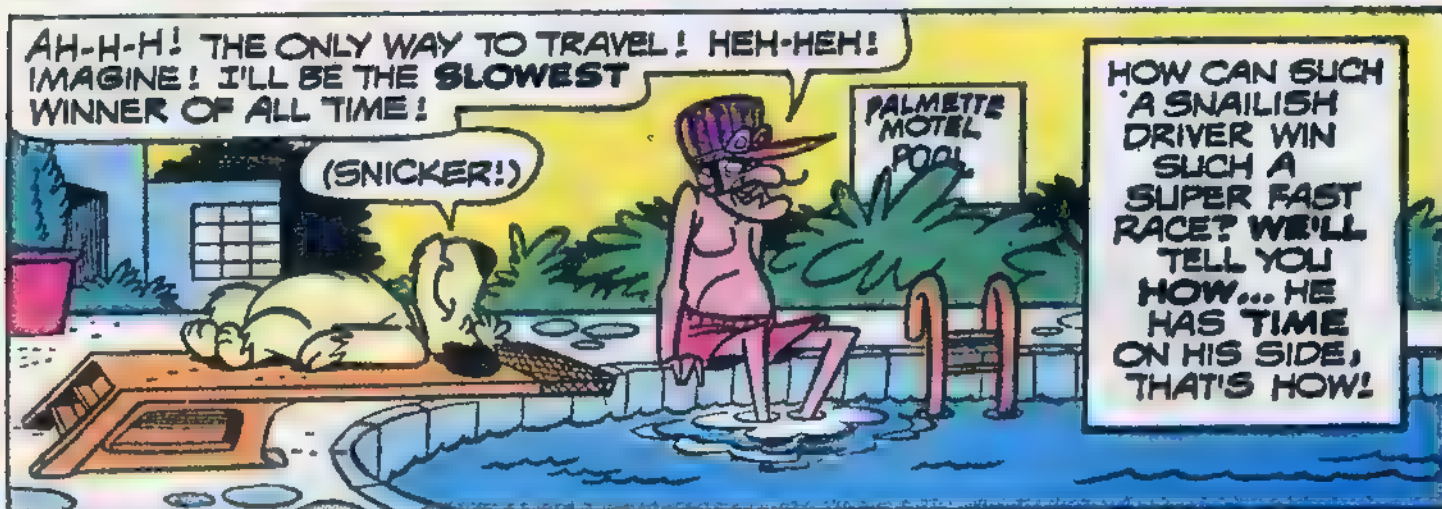
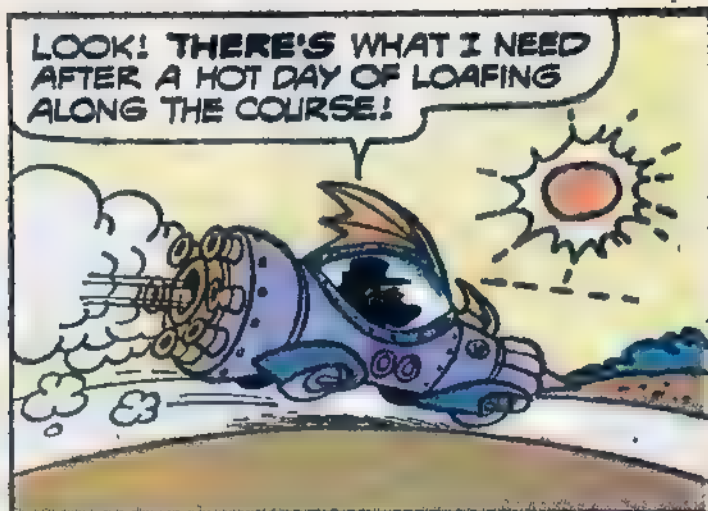
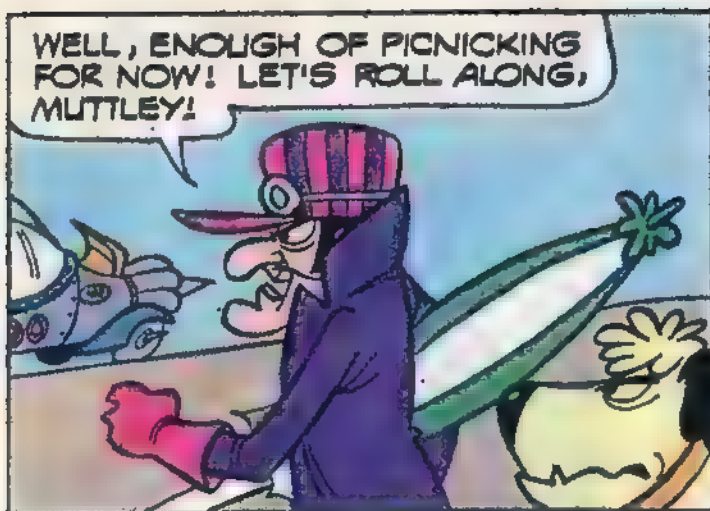
AND SO, OFF GOES THE MEAN MACHINE LIKE A MAD BAT OUT OF A BONGED BELFRY...

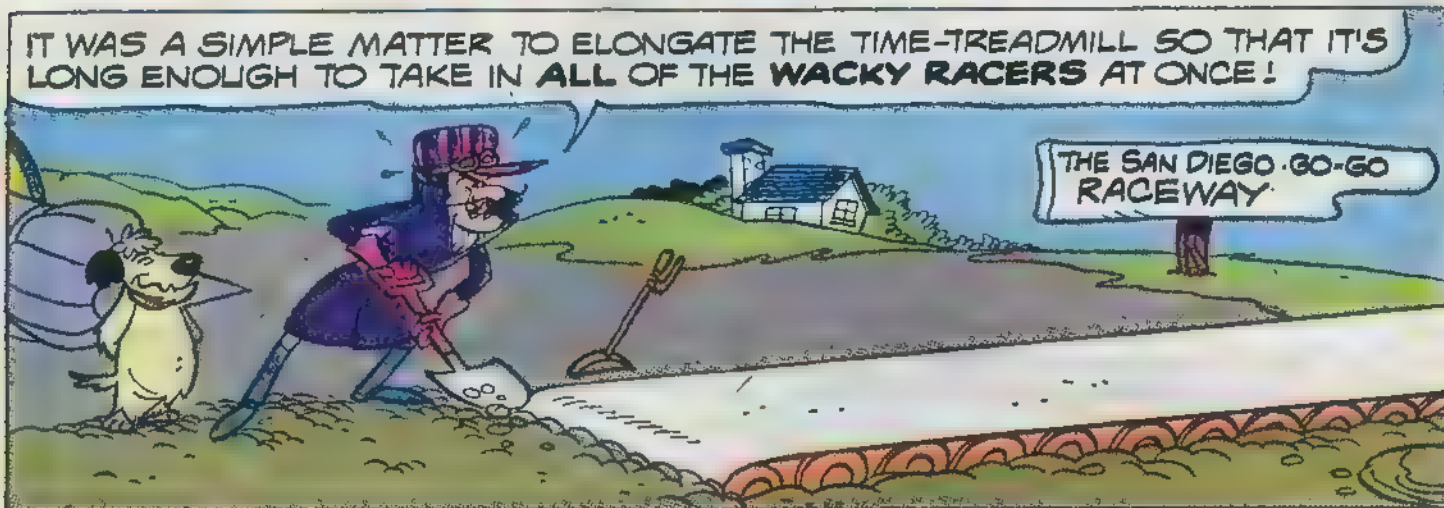
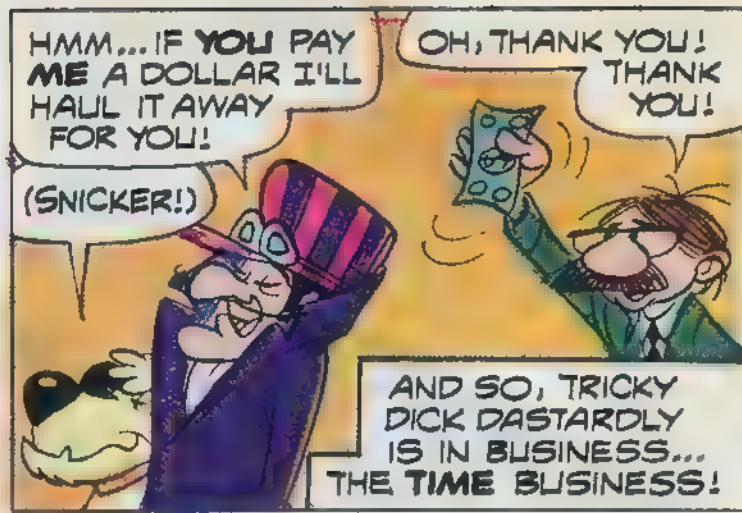


THE SAN DIEGO GO-GO

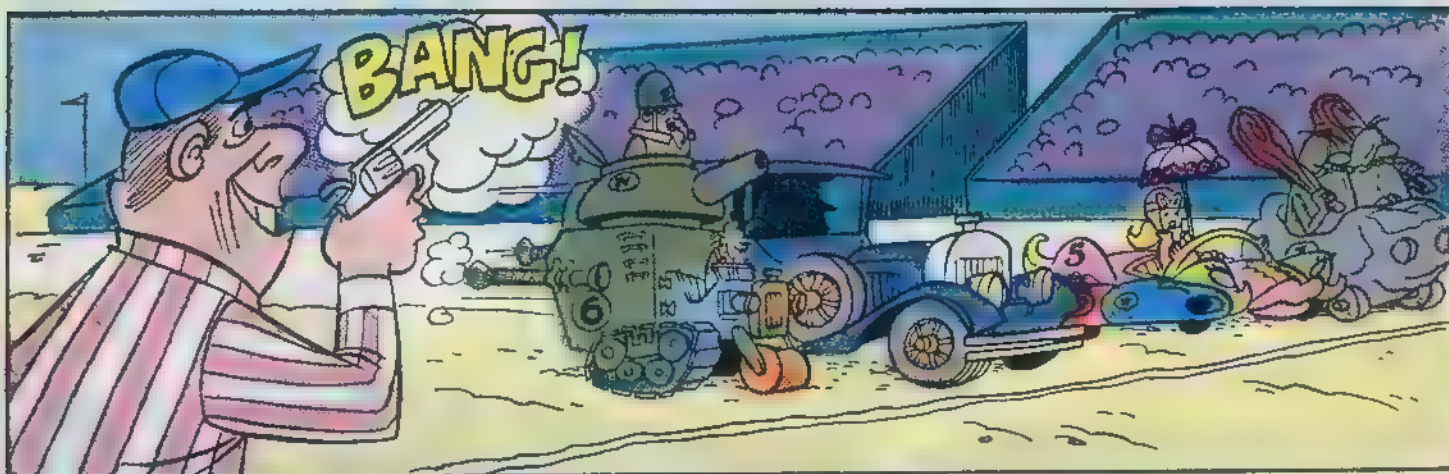
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT DICK DASTARDLY AND MUTTLEY HOLD THE LEAD WITH THEIR MEAN MACHINE IN THE INFAMOUS AND GRUELING "SAN DIEGO GO-GO" RACE!



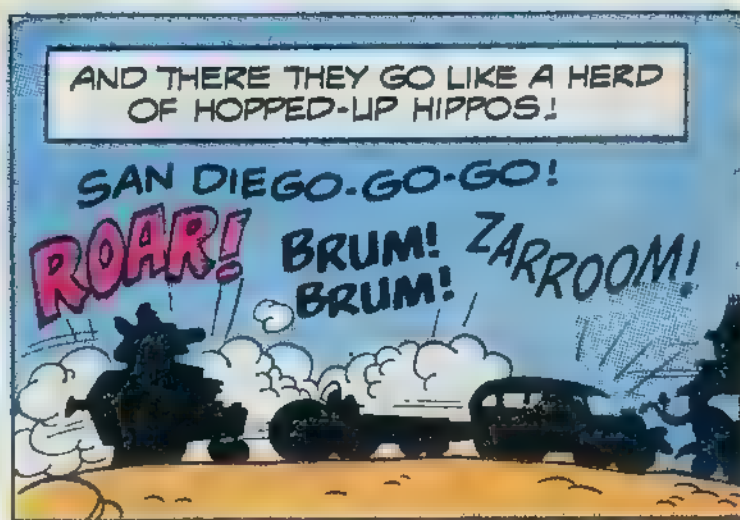
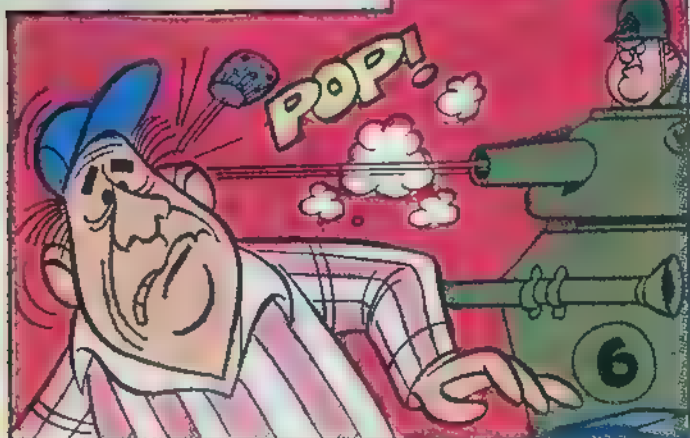




THE DAY OF THE SAN DIEGO GO-GO ARRIVES, AND THE STARTER FIRES HIS GUN!



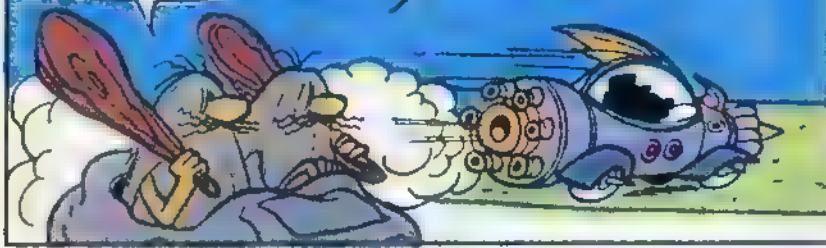
NOT TO BE OUTDONE, SARGE RETURNS THE FIRE...



AS THEY APPROACH THE NARROW PLACE WHERE THE TIME-TREADMILL AWAITS, THE MEAN MACHINE DROPS OUT!

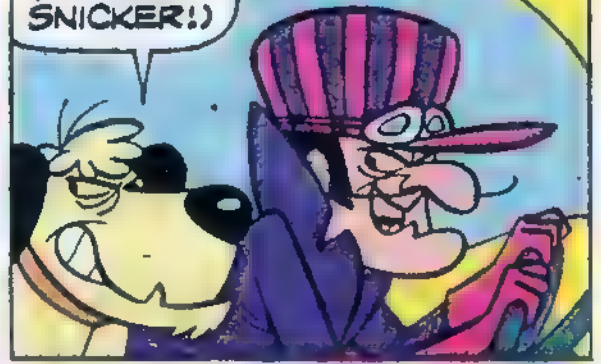
HAR-HAR! DASTARDLY AND MUTTLEY ARE OUT OF THE RUNNING ALREADY!

BYE-BYE, BABIES! HA-HA!

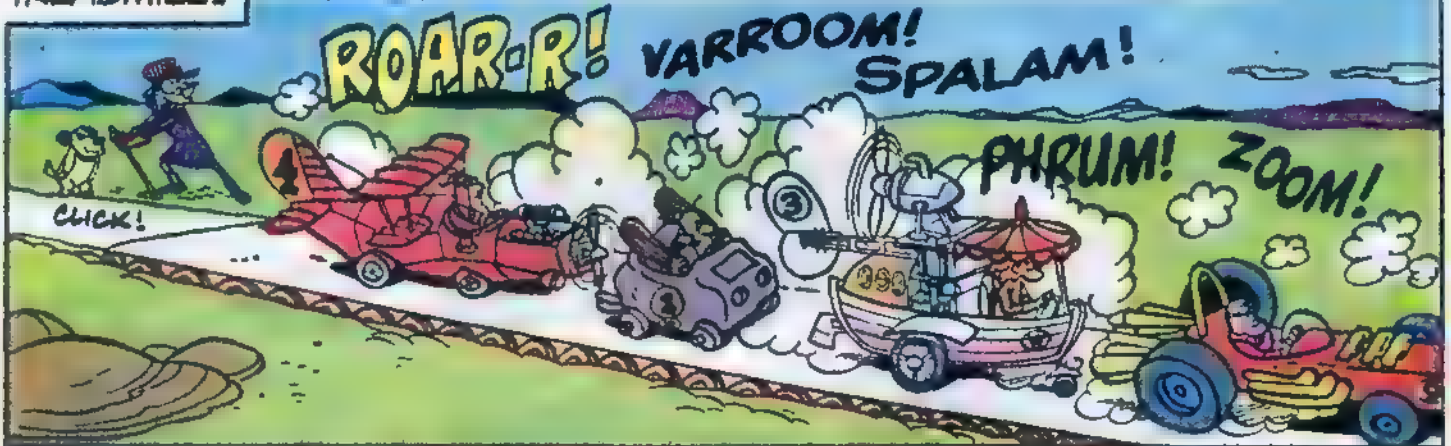


THE LAST LAUGH WILL BE ON THEM, EH, MUTTLEY? HA-HA!

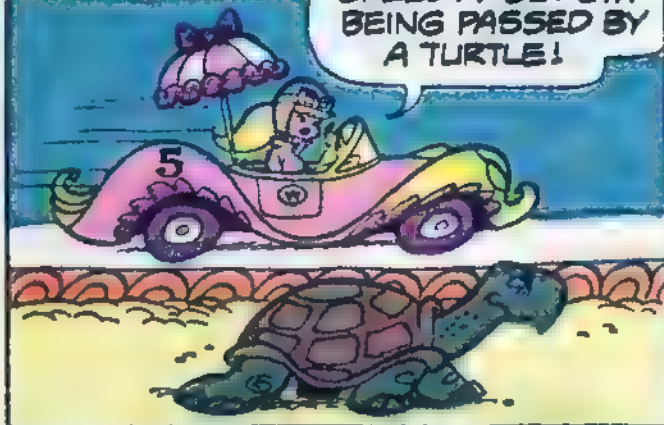
(SNICKER! SNICKER!)



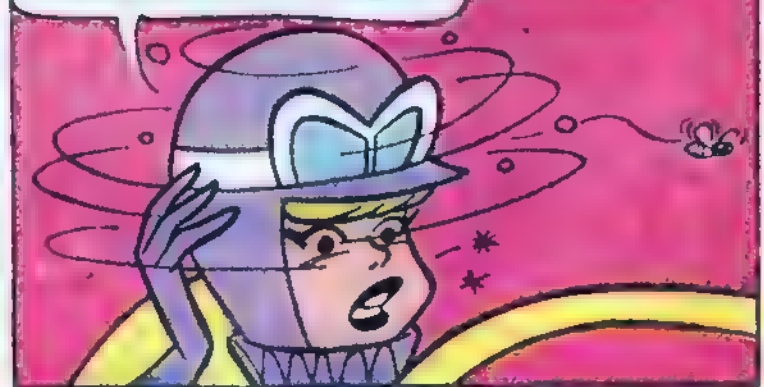
THERE THEY GO...UNMINDFUL OF THEIR FATE...ONTO THE DREAD TIME-TREADMILL!



GOODNESS, MY SPEED IS PLENTY SPEEDY, BUT I'M BEING PASSED BY A TURTLE!

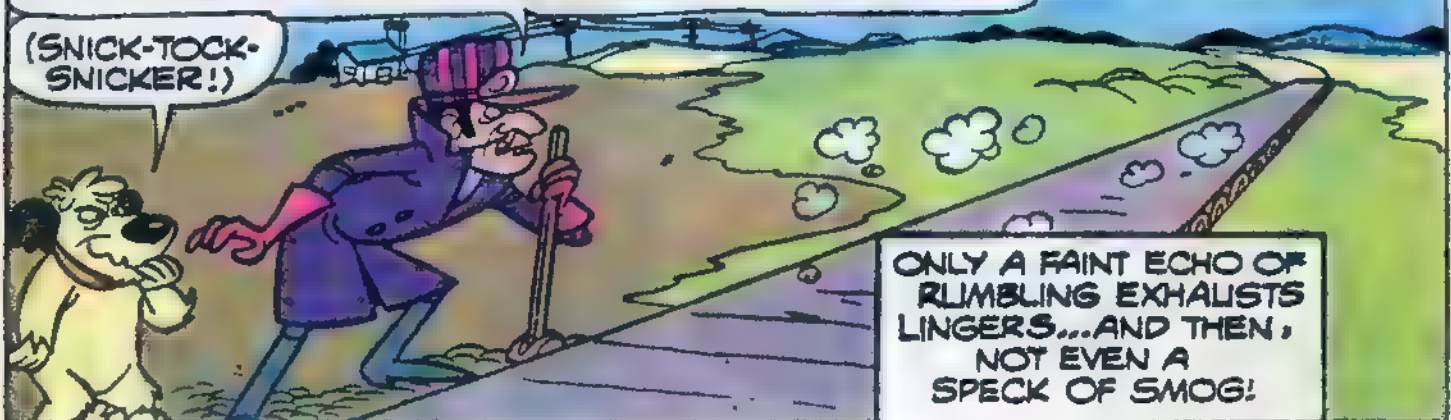


I... I'M STARTING TO FEEL SORT OF EMPTY INSIDE... AND ABSENT OUTSIDE! OOOOOH!



BRAVO! IT WORKS! ALL OF THE WACKY RACERS...EXCEPTING SINISTER US... ARE GONE! GONE BACK INTO TIME MANY CENTURIES!

(SNICK-TOCK-SNICKER!)

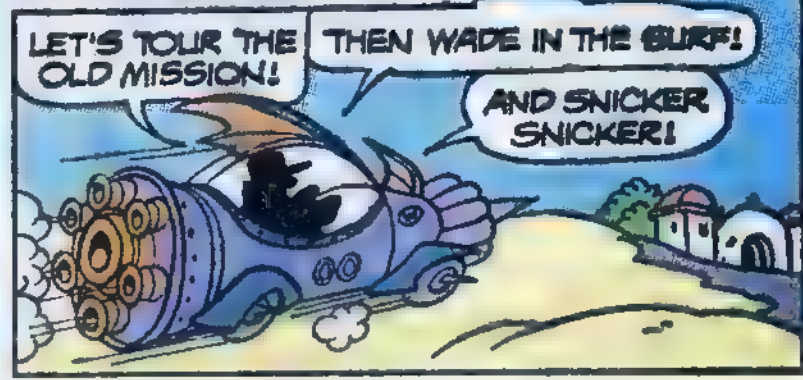


ONLY A FAINT ECHO OF RUMBLING EXHAUSTS LINGERS...AND THEN, NOT EVEN A SPECK OF SMOG!



NOW WE CAN TAKE OUR TIME ABOUT WINNING THE SAN DIEGO GO-GO! RIGHT, MUTTLEY?

AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS BREAKNECK HISTORY THE SAN DIEGO GO-GO IS THREATENED TO BE WON BY A LEISURELY SIGHT-SEER!

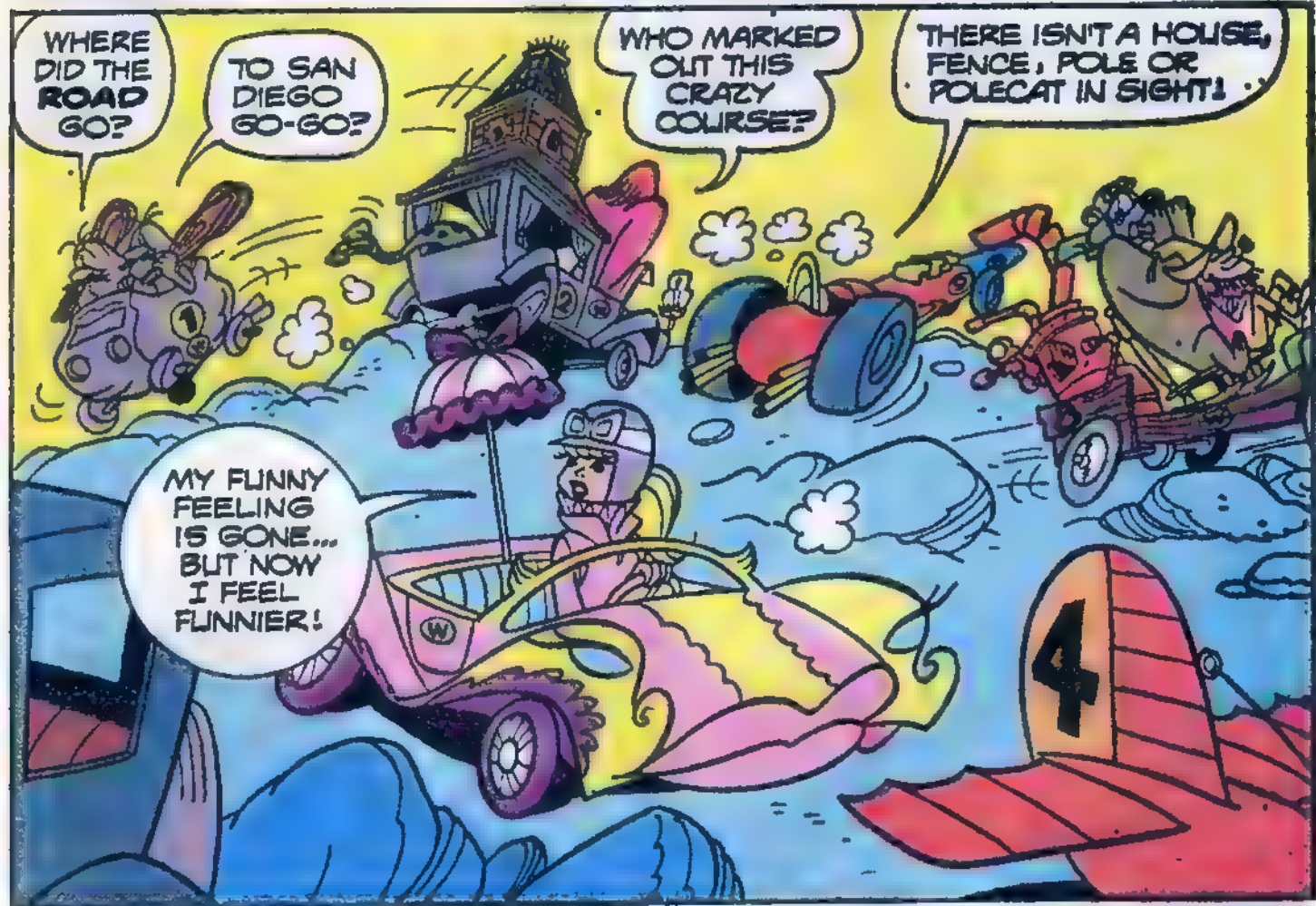


LET'S TOUR THE OLD MISSION!

THEN WADE IN THE SURF!

AND SNICKER SNICKER!

MEANWHILE, AT THE SAME LOCATION, ONLY HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO...



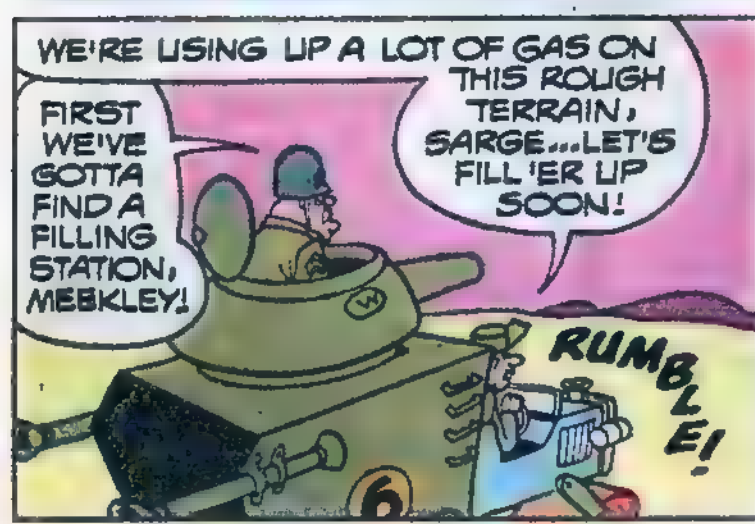
WHERE DID THE ROAD GO?

TO SAN DIEGO GO-GO?

WHO MARKED OUT THIS CRAZY COURSE?

THERE ISN'T A HOUSE, FENCE, POLE OR POLECAT IN SIGHT!

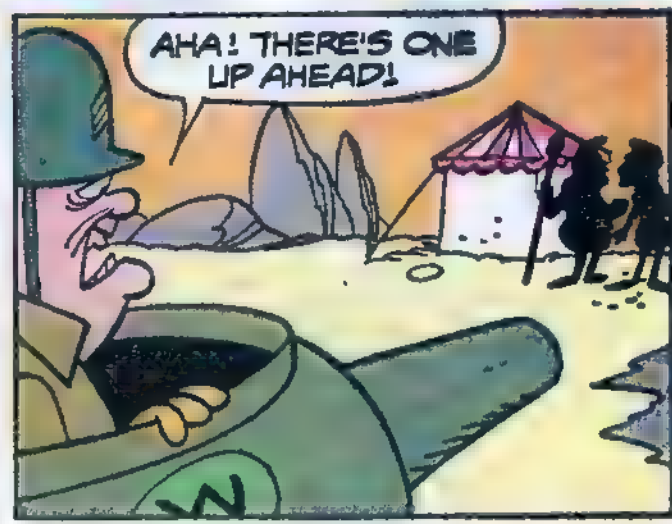
MY FUNNY FEELING IS GONE... BUT NOW I FEEL FUNNIER!



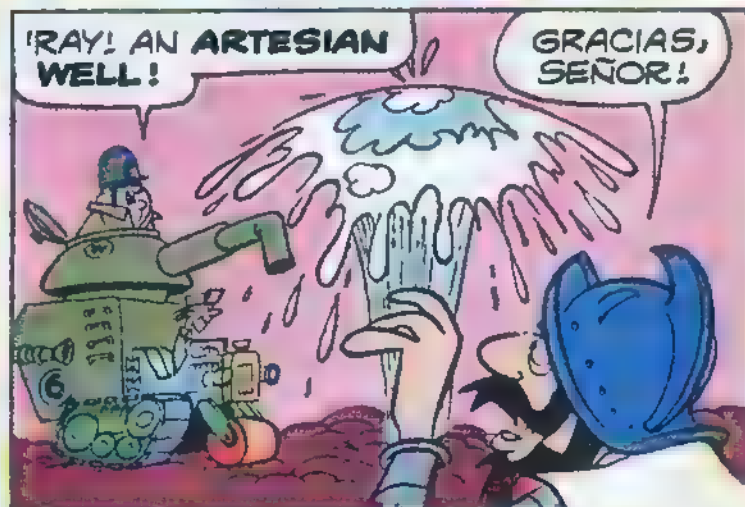
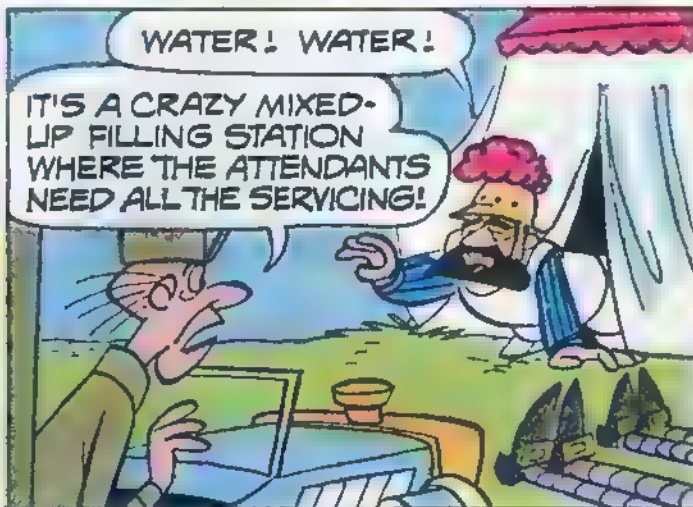
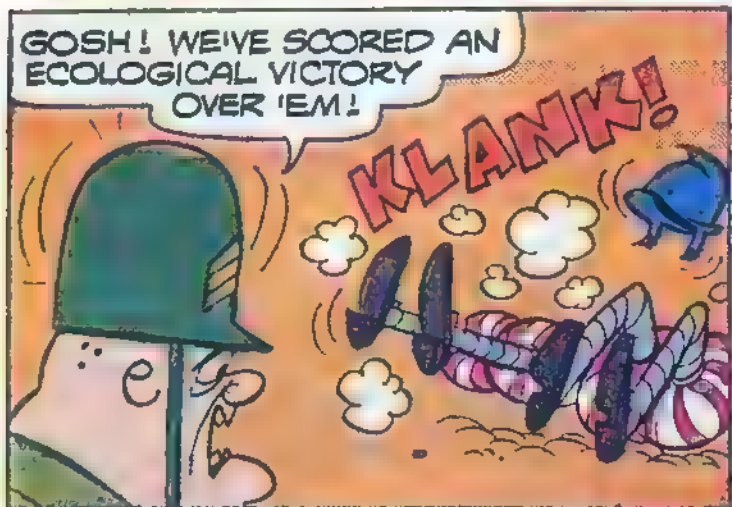
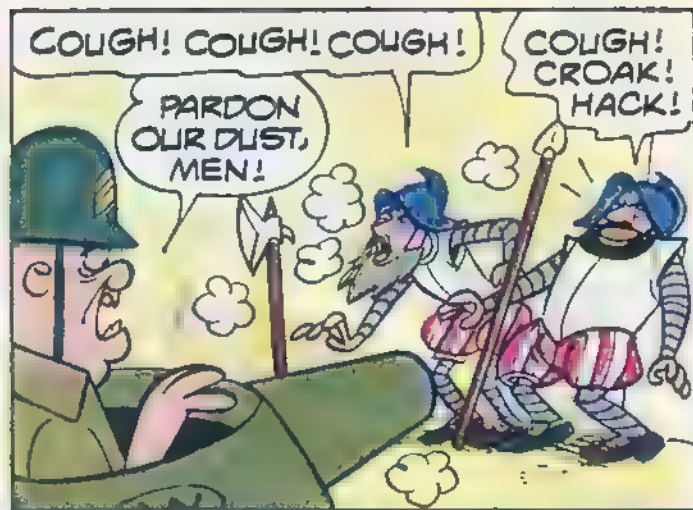
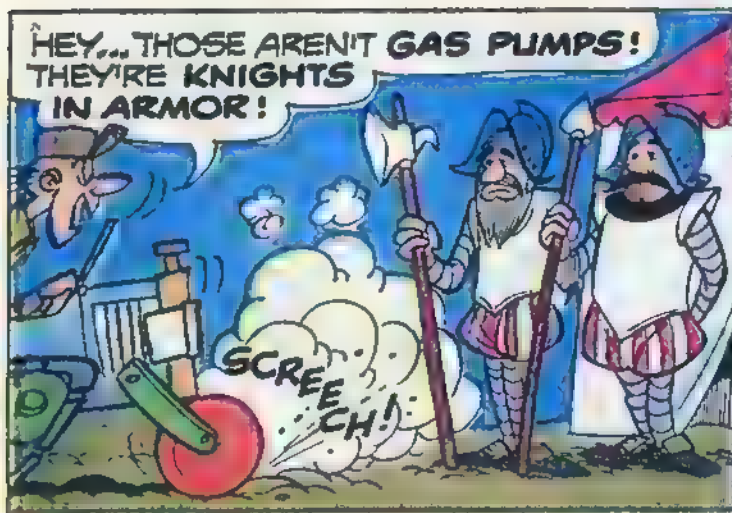
WE'RE USING UP A LOT OF GAS ON THIS ROUGH TERRAIN, SARGE...LET'S FILL 'ER UP SOON!

FIRST WE'VE GOTTA FIND A FILLING STATION, MEBKLEY!

RUMBLE!

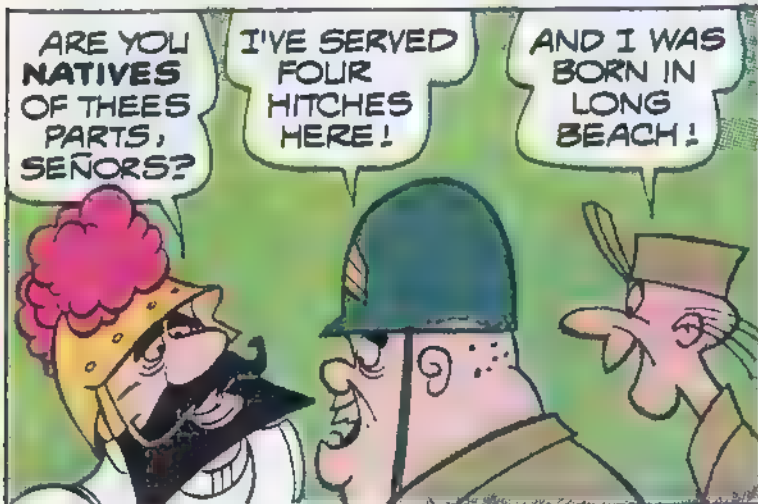
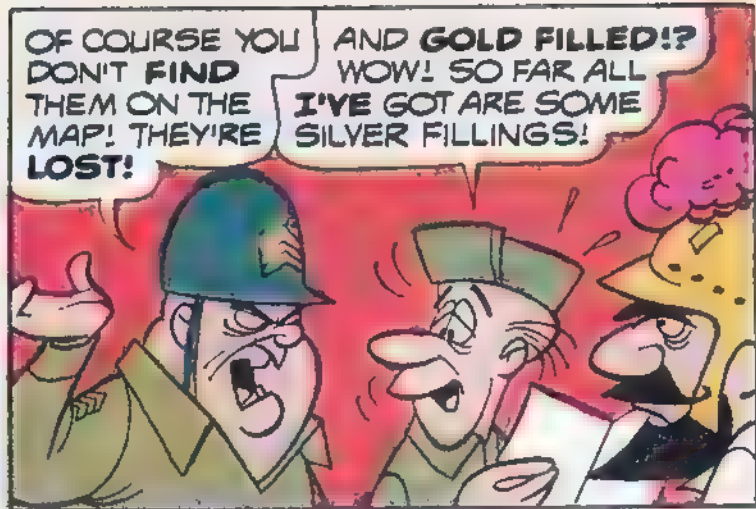
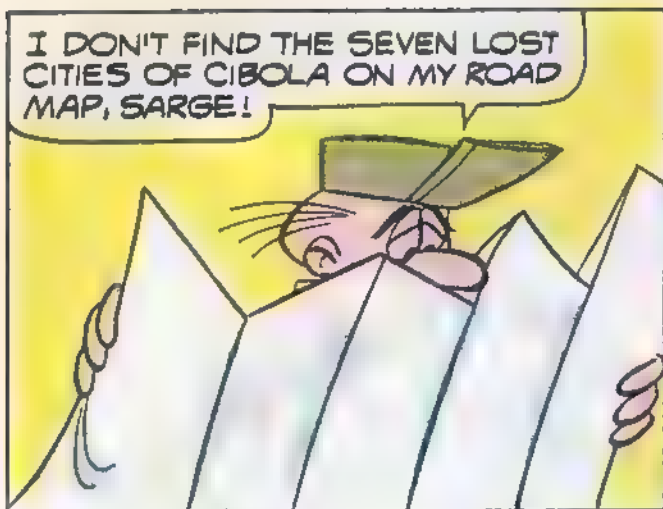


AHA! THERE'S ONE UP AHEAD!

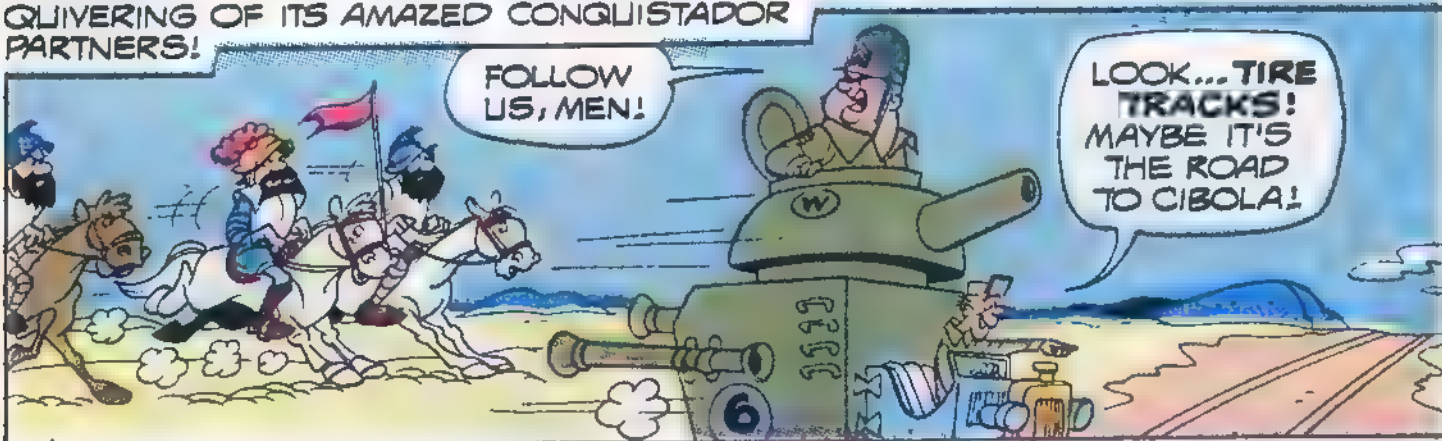


AFTER SOAKING UP A BARREL EACH...

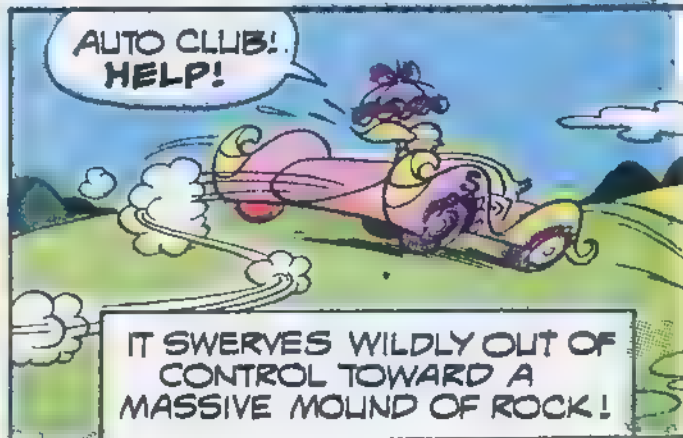
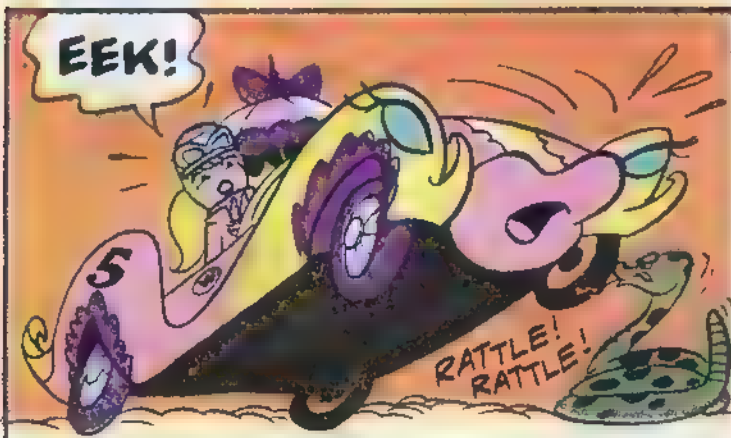


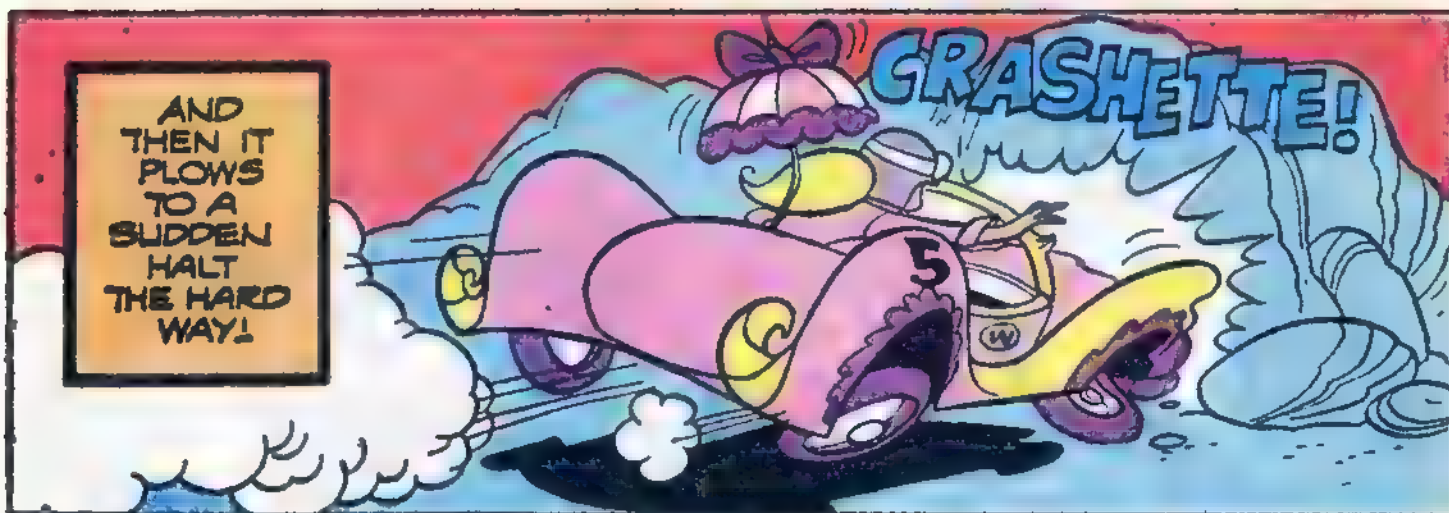


AND SO, THE SURPLUS SPECIAL SETS OFF IN SEARCH OF THE SEVEN LOST CITIES OF CIBOLA...WITH A GREAT GRINDING OF GEARS, THRASHING OF TRACKS, AND QUIVERING OF ITS AMAZED CONQUISTADOR PARTNERS!

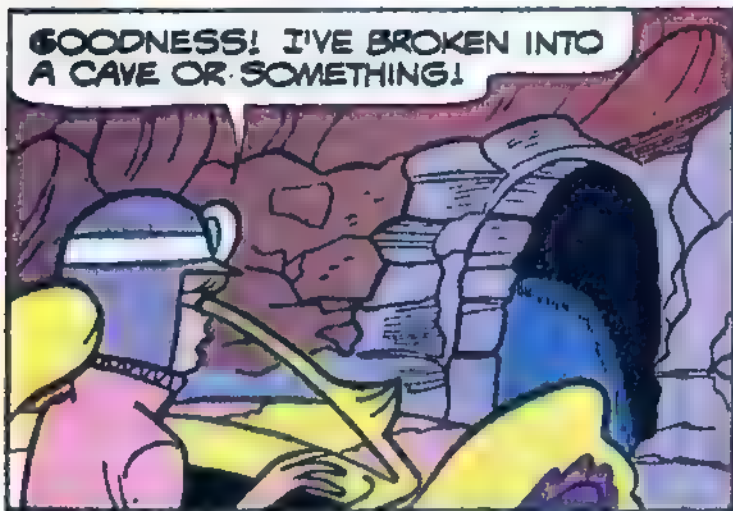


AND A MERE MEANWHILE AWAY, PENELOPE PITSTOP'S RACER, THE COMPACT PUSSYCAT, IS GETTING SCARED OUT OF A LION'S SHARE OF ITS NINE LIVES!





AND THEN IT PLOWS TO A SUDDEN HALT THE HARD WAY!

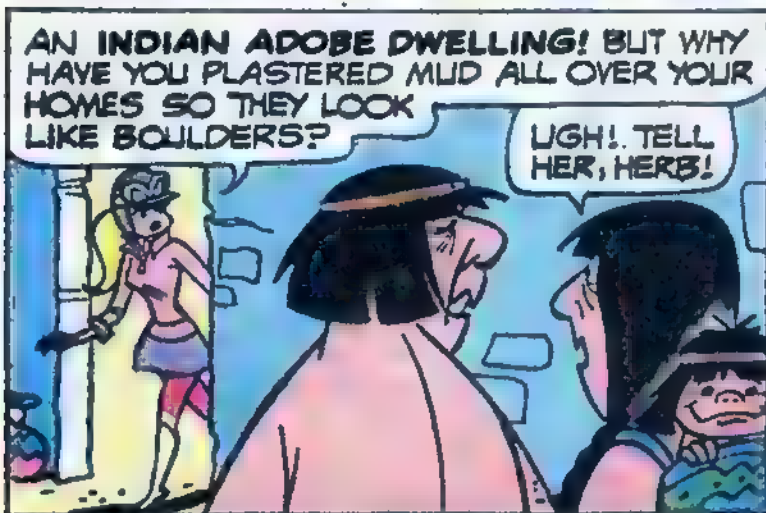


GOODNESS! I'VE BROKEN INTO A CAVE OR SOMETHING!



HOW!

OH, IT'S EASY WHEN YOUR RACER IS OUT OF CONTROL!



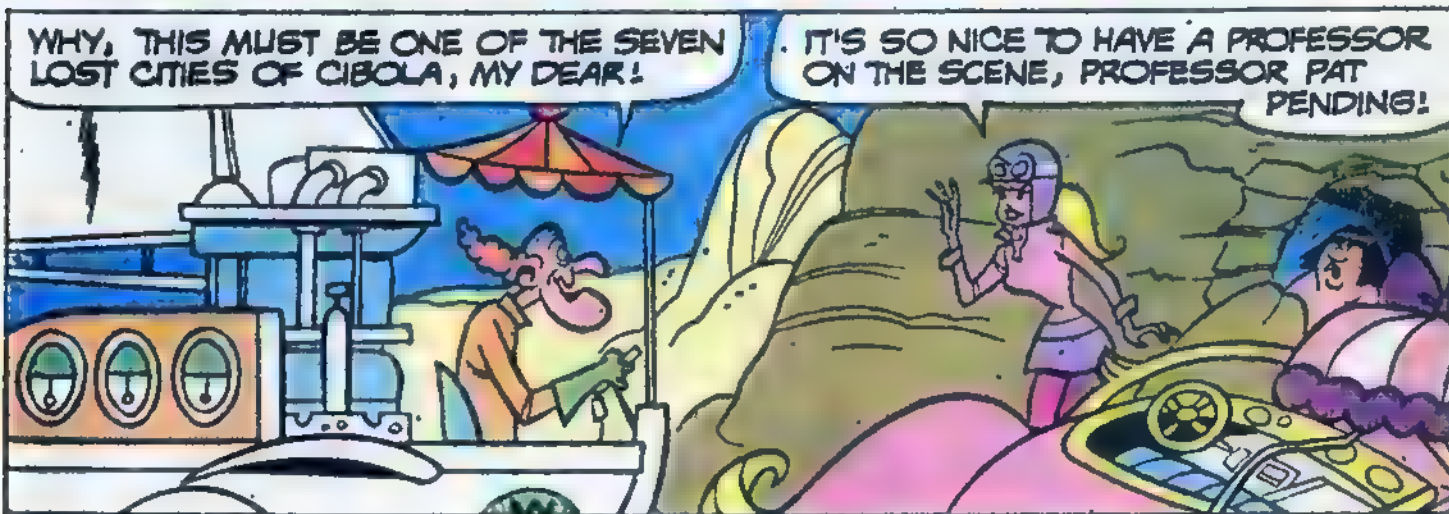
AN INDIAN ADOBE DWELLING! BUT WHY HAVE YOU PLASTERED MUD ALL OVER YOUR HOMES SO THEY LOOK LIKE BOULDERS?

UGH! TELL HER, HERB!



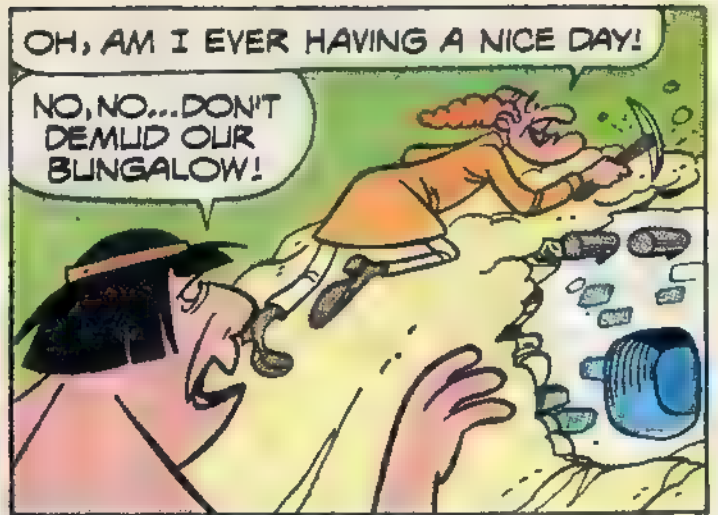
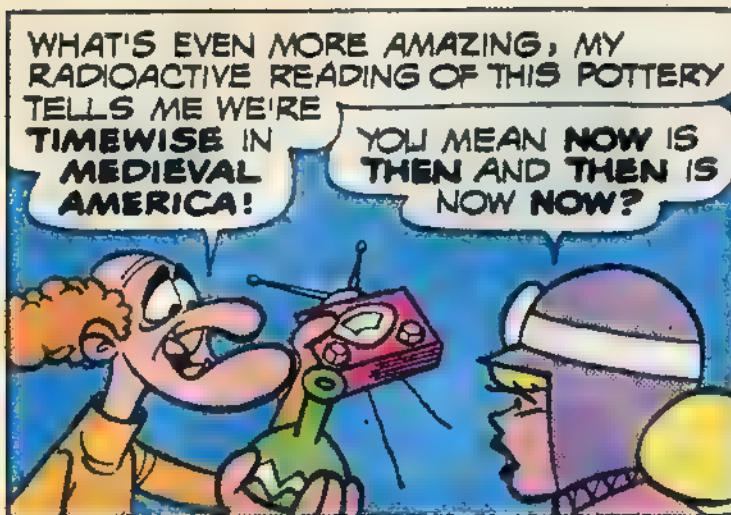
TO KEEP-UM CONQUISTADORS FROM SACKING OUR CITIES AND SACKING OUR GOLD!

OH, MY! I...I'M SO CONFUSED!

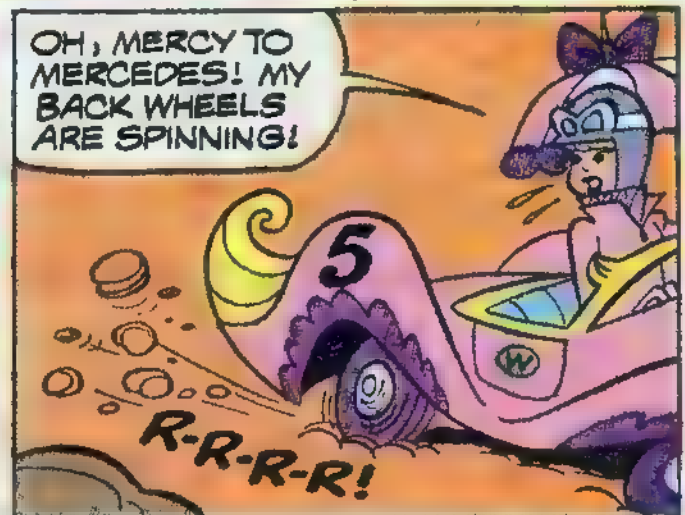
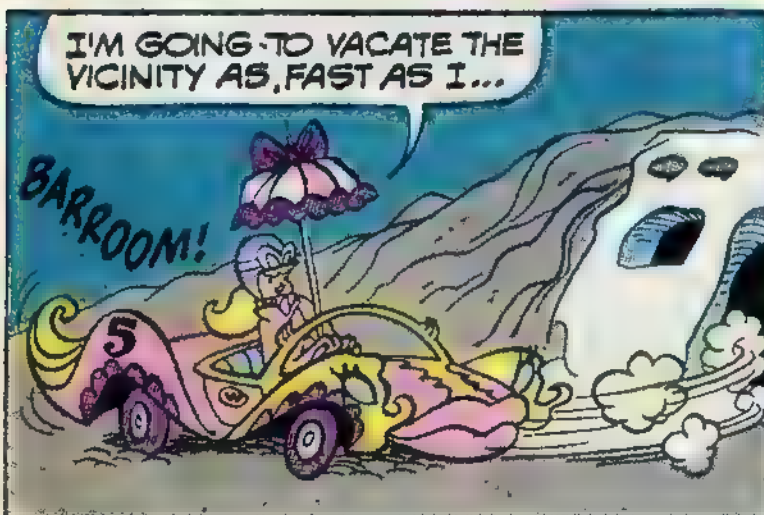
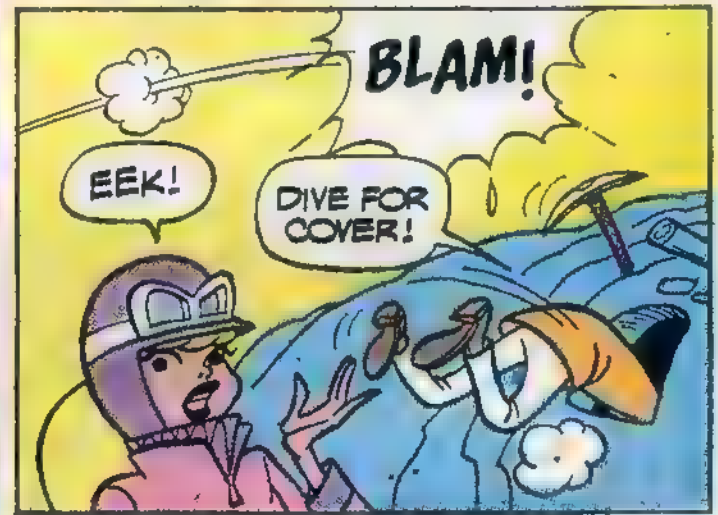
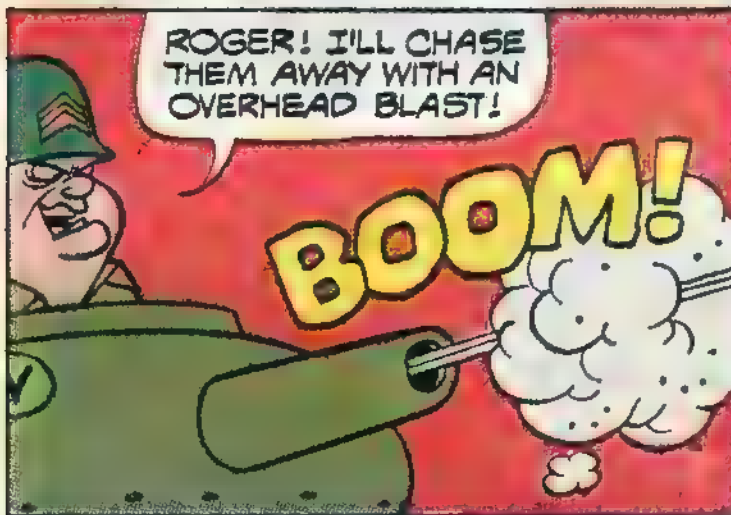
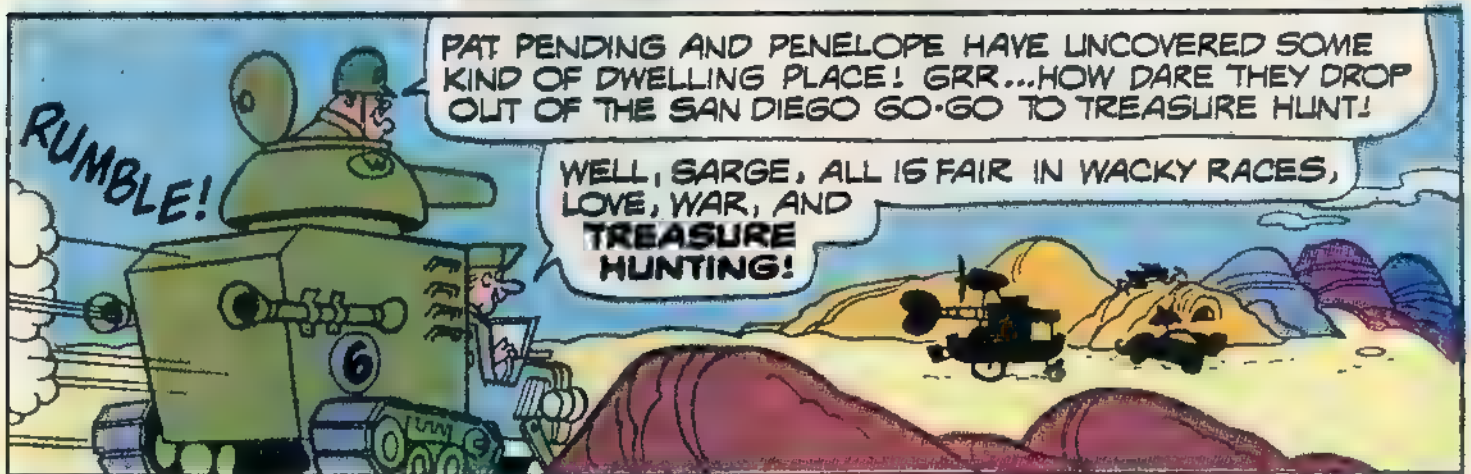


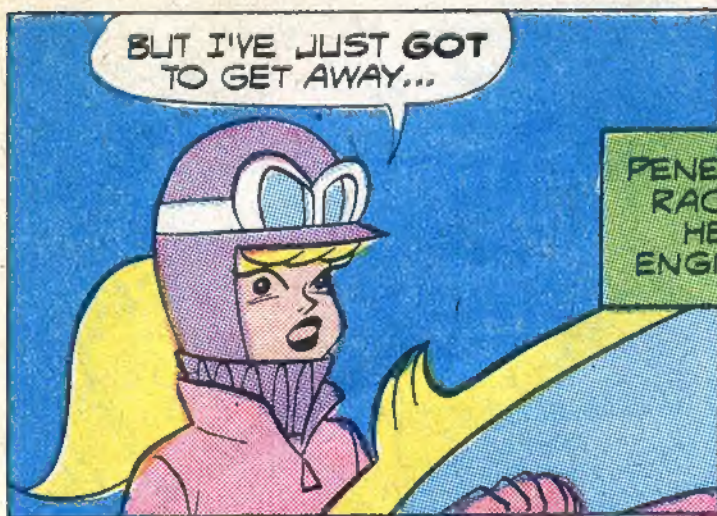
WHY, THIS MUST BE ONE OF THE SEVEN LOST CITIES OF CIBOLA, MY DEAR!

IT'S SO NICE TO HAVE A PROFESSOR ON THE SCENE, PROFESSOR PAT PENDING!

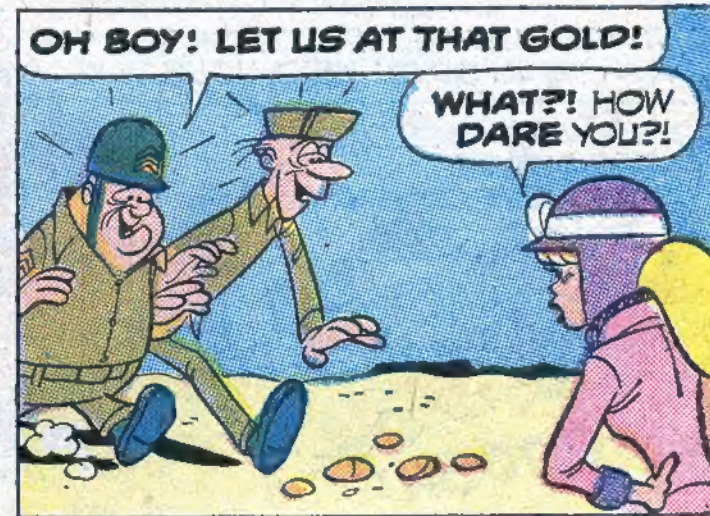
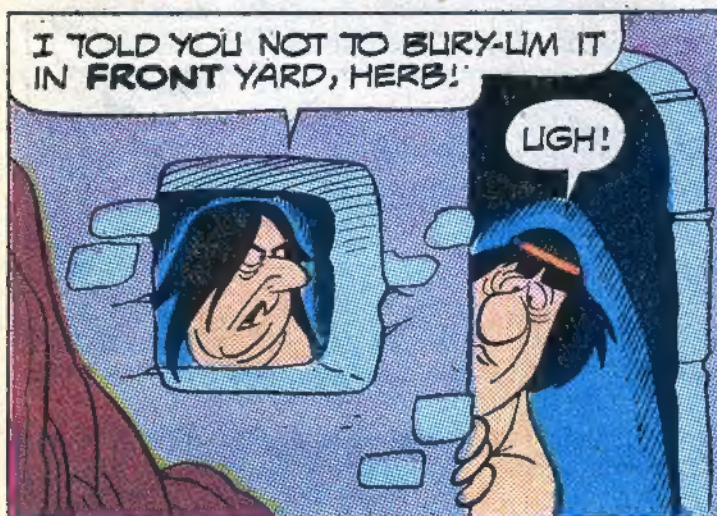
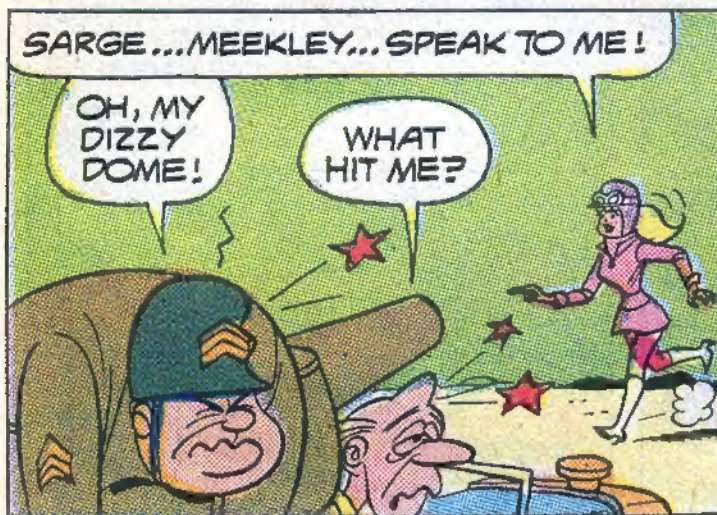
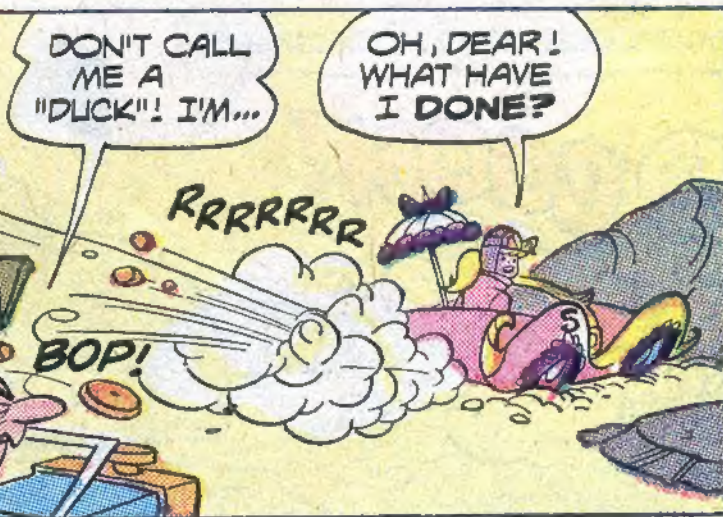
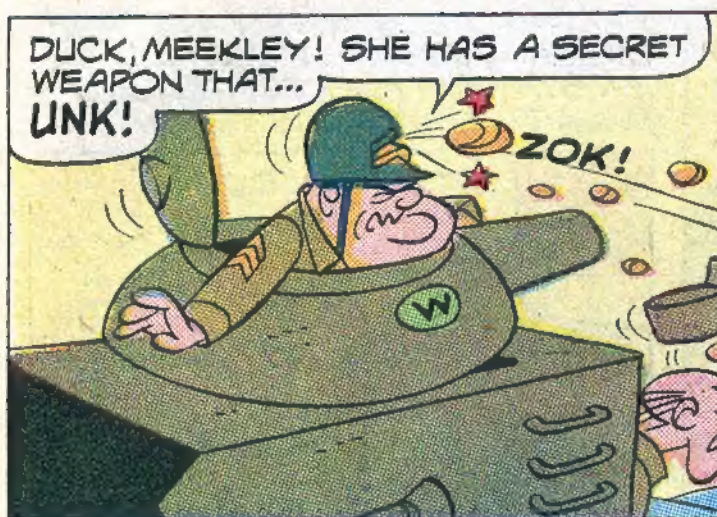
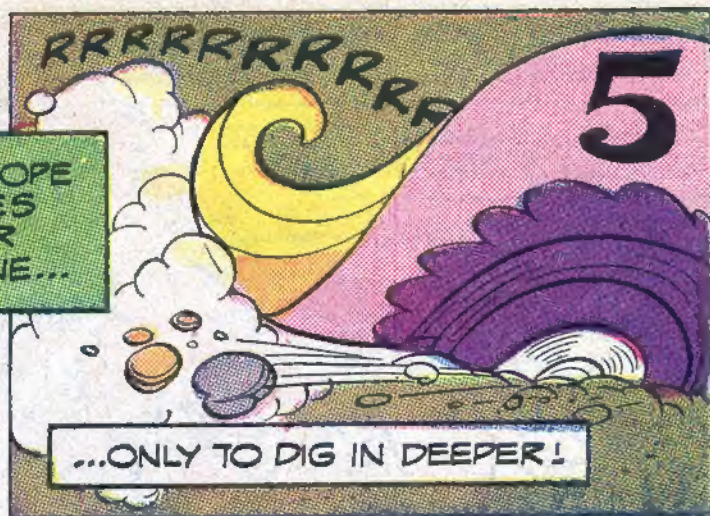


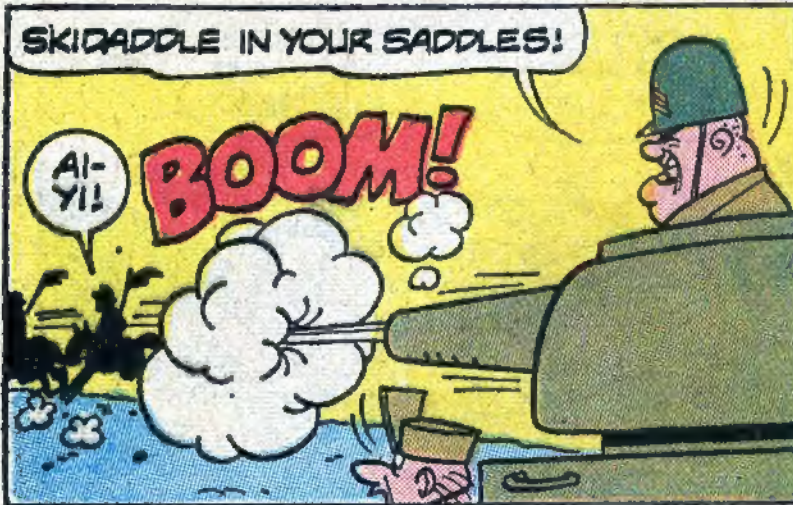
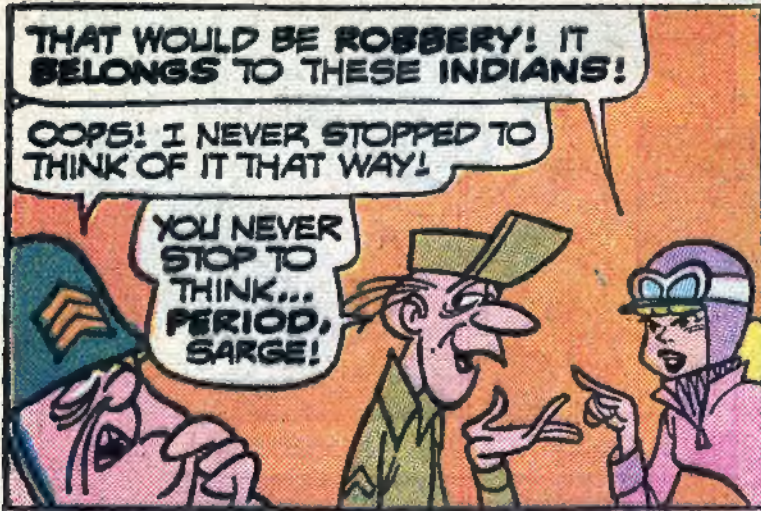
JUST THEN THE SURPLUS SPECIAL GRINDS ONTO THE PRIMITIVE SCENE!



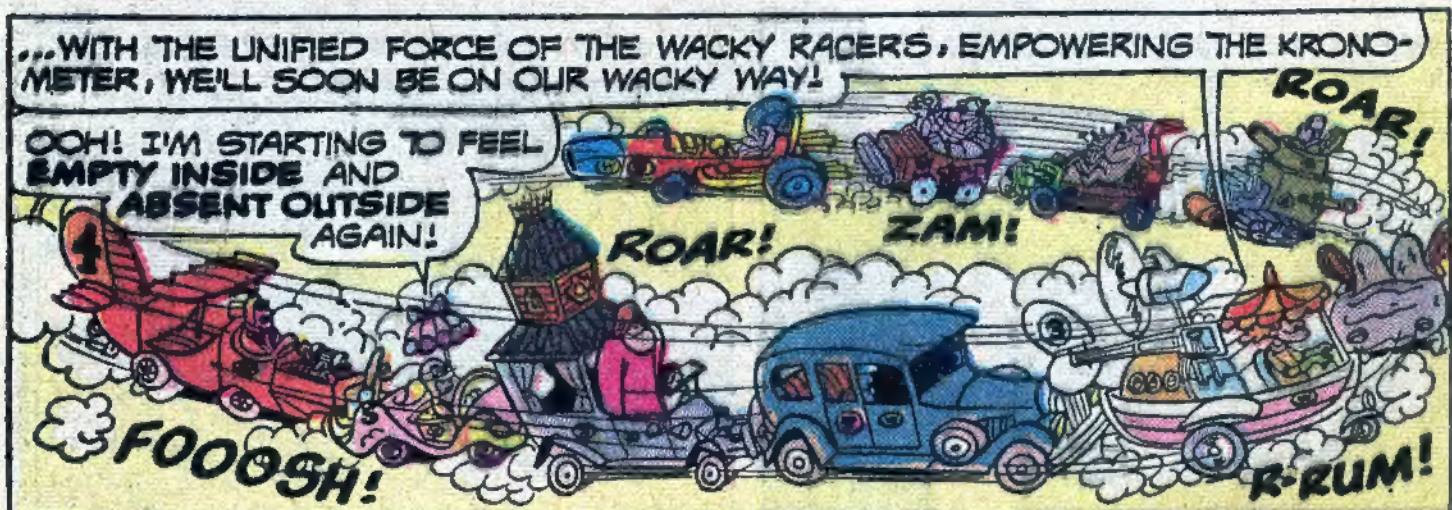
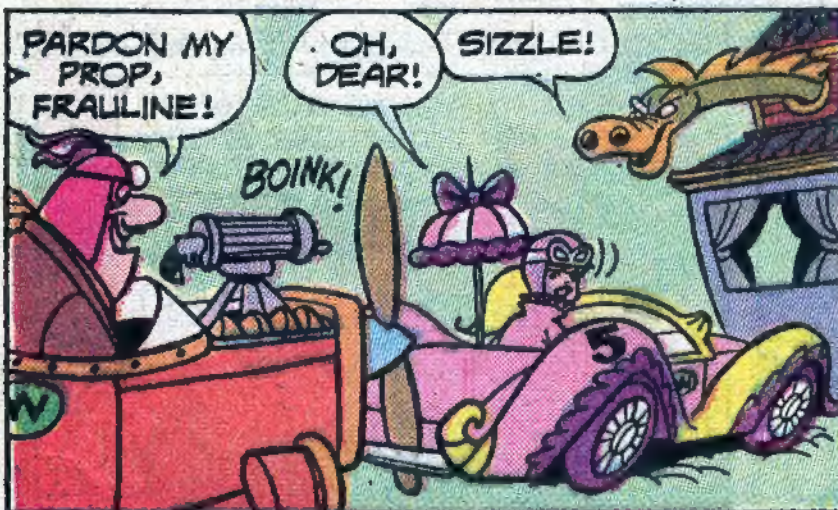
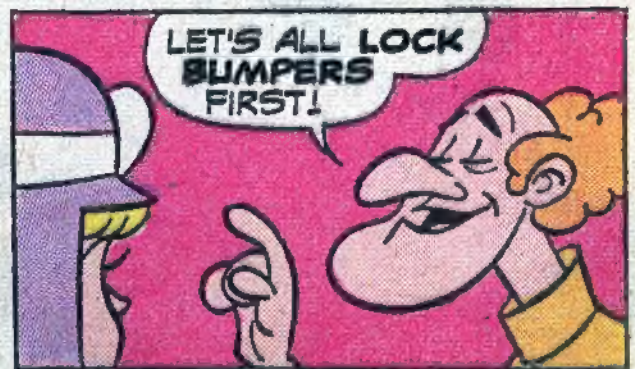


PENELOPE RACES HER ENGINE...

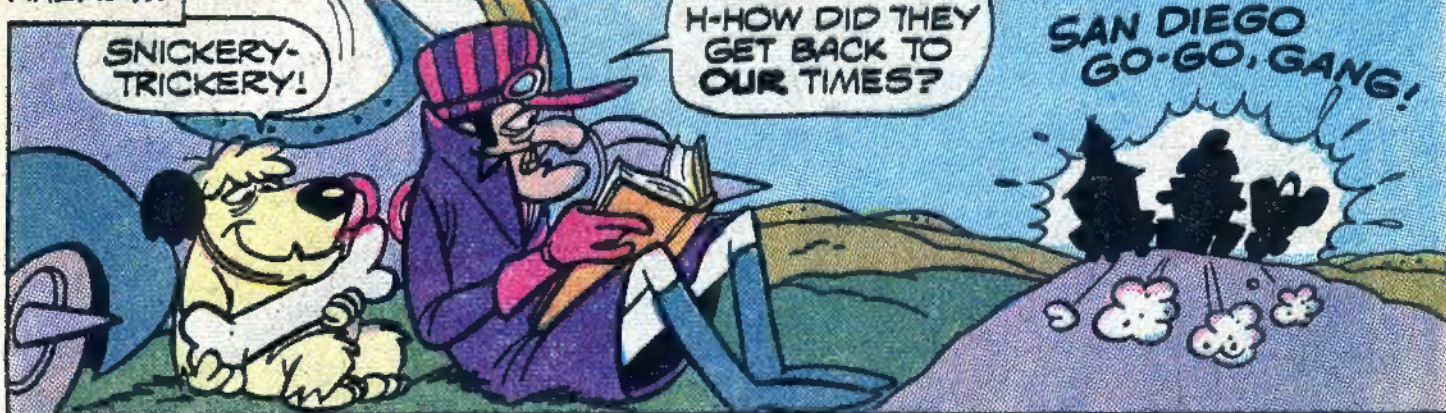




NEXT, PROFESSOR PENDING, HIMSELF A DABBLER IN TIME MECHANISMS, HAS A PLAN FOR GETTING BACK TO THE 20TH CENTURY...

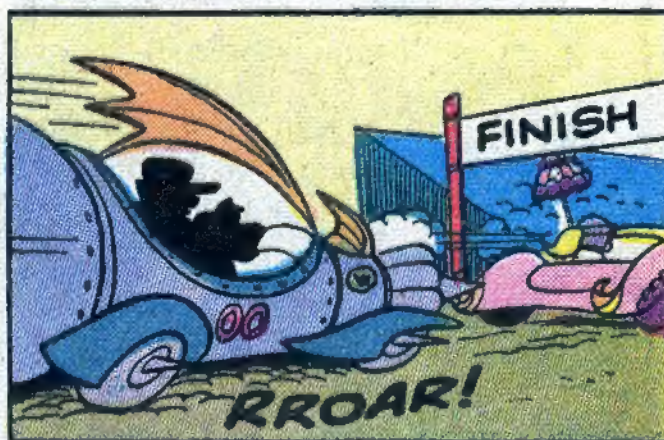


SUDDENLY, DASTARDLY AND MUTTLEY ARE JOLTED BY THE ABRUPT MATERIALIZATION OF ALL THE OTHER WACKY RACERS ON THE ROAD AHEAD...

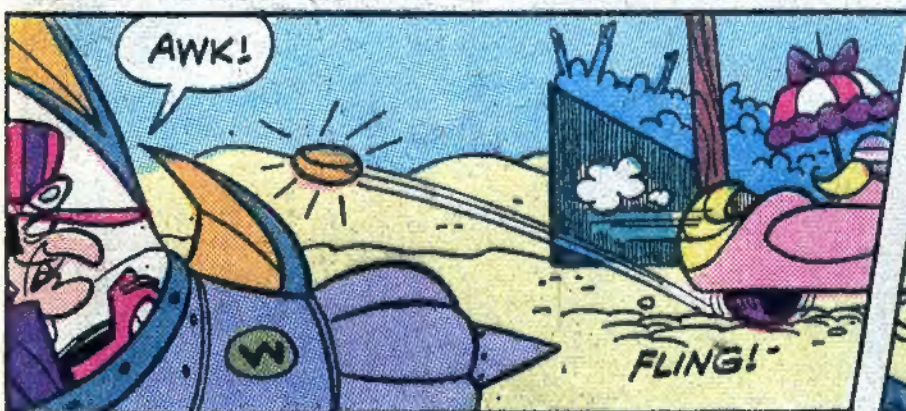


FRANTICALLY DICK DIGS OUT AND PASSES CAR AFTER CAR...

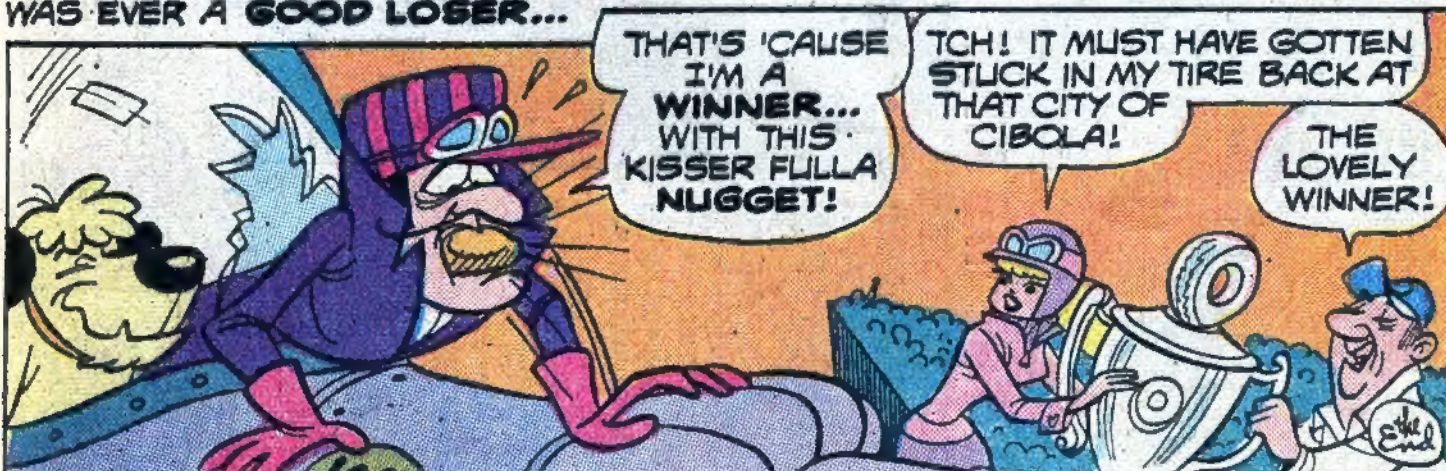
NOW HE'S GAINING ON THE LEAD CAR, THE COMPACT PUSSYCAT...



BUT WITH A BURST OF SPEED PENELOPE LURCHES ACROSS THE FINISH LINE FLINGING A SPARKLING OBJECT LOOSE THAT WAS WEDGED IN HER TREAD...



AND SO, IT IS THE FIRST TIME IN DICK DASTARDLY'S WRETCHED LIFE THAT HE WAS EVER A GOOD LOSER...





**CONJUNCTION
JUNCTION**